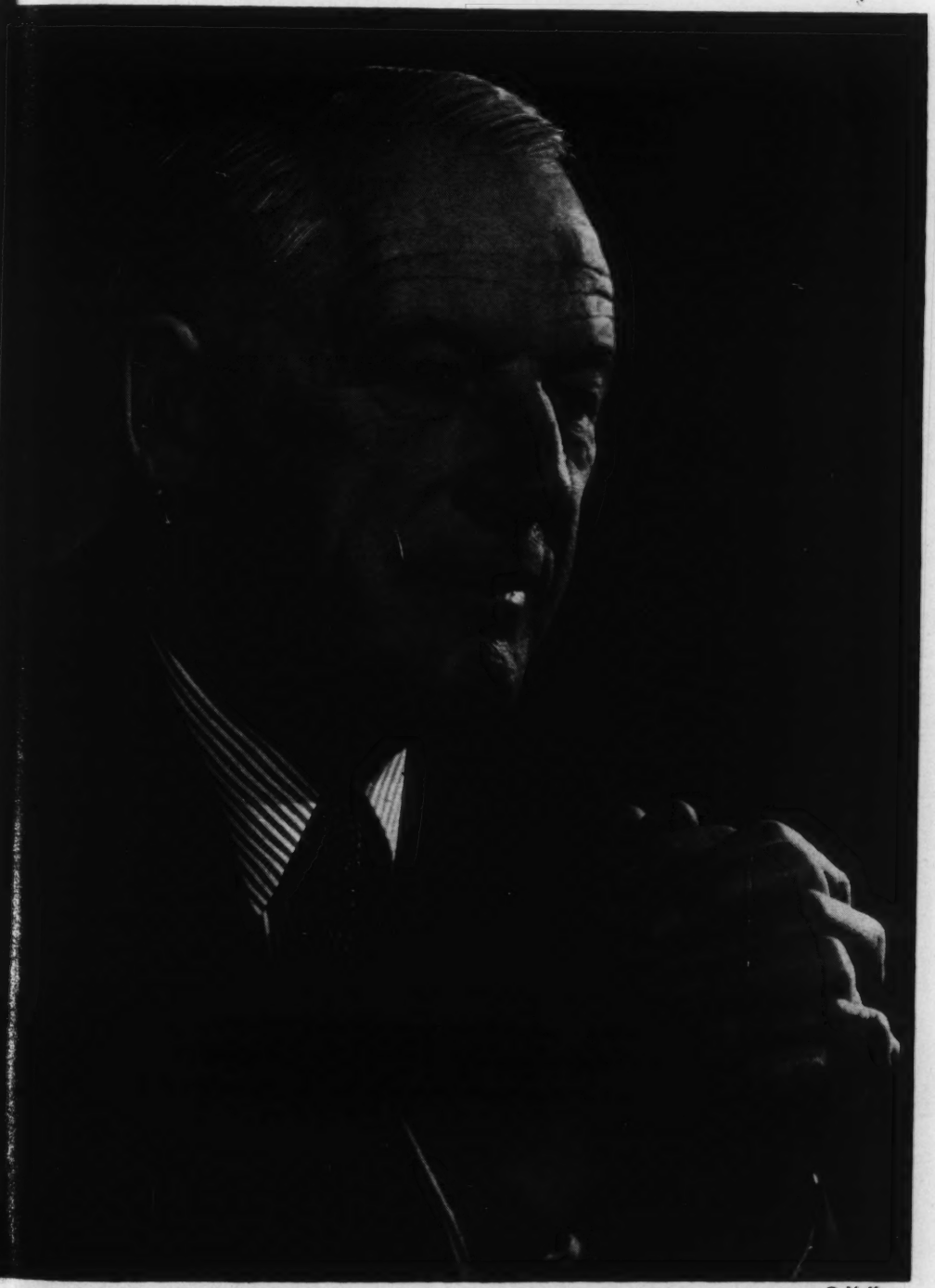
Saturday Night

February 12, 1955 • 10 Cents



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THE HON. JAMES J. McCANN: A question of privacy (Page 4).

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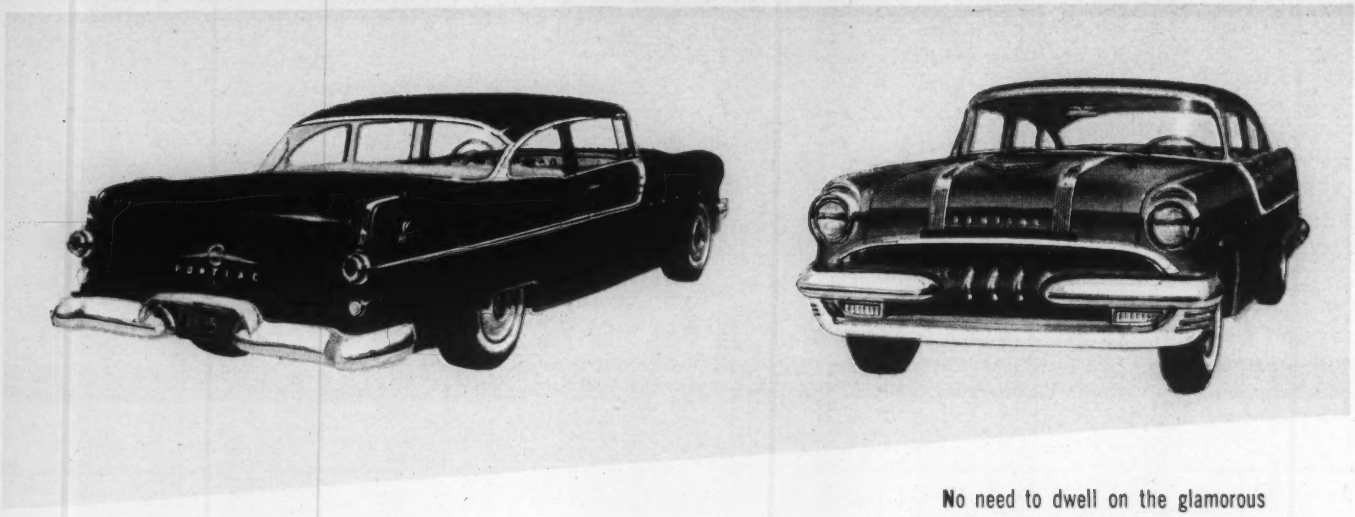
Irritated by contemptuous references to the Senate as "a glorified divorce court" and by the harsh remarks some members of the Commons have made about the way the Senate handles its divorce business, Senator John T. Haig recently suggested that the Commons take over the job of hearing petitions from people in Quebec and Newfoundland who want to end their marriages. It was an angry slap at critics of the Senate, rather than a serious proposal. Had he been less peeved, the Senator might have pointed out that it was an outrageous imposition to expect any group of parliamentarians to put aside the nation's business for the examination of the dreary evidence of broken marriages in two provinces.

The Senate is, in fact, a divorce court. At the start of the present session it had before it about 400 petitions, each of which would have to be studied by a committee set up just for that purpose. The committee recommends approval or denial of the petition to the Senate, and for each marriage to be dissolved, a private bill must go to the Commons. The members of the Com-

A REAL CHANGE IN RUSSIA?
By Willson Woodside: Page 7



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

mons can either accept without question the decision of the Senate (which generally happens) or try to examine the evidence themselves—which they find impossible to do except in isolated cases, because they simply cannot afford the time. The result is that most of the bills of divorcement go through the Commons at the rate of about one every 30 seconds.

This assembly-line treatment is not only a degrading spectacle, but a subversion of proper legal processes and an invasion of private conscience; many of the members giving automatic approval to the bills must be voting against their convictions. And how many of these would oppose any effort to put some sense into the divorce laws?

In session after session, a small group of parliamentarians has fought against this stupid, cynical procedure. Members of the CCF in particular have distinguished themselves in the struggle against inertia, timidity and prejudice; they have been logical, eloquent and, unfortunately, unsuccessful—but not, we hope, discouraged. It is inconceivable that Parliament will long continue to shame itself.

Stop at the Border

A FRIEND of ours swears that this tale is true — although he has a chronic dislike for customs regulations of any kind, and may well be prejudiced. It seems that an American came to Canada on a business visit and died. His associates had the body embalmed, placed in an expensive casket and sent it on its way back to the United States. It got to the border and there it stayed while customs men went into a huddle. The tariff law concerning caskets was explicit, but what about the corpse? Was it an animal product, a vegetable extract, a food receptacle? Happily, a solution was found before the deceased became a permanent monument on the border. The body was classified as "an article of American origin not noticeably changed or improved in condition", and the complicated machinery controlling exports and imports moved back into high gear.

Canadian Composers

AN ADVANCE program for the concert of new music being presented in Massey Hall this week by the Canadian Music Associates (Ont.) made us curious about the status of the Canadian composer and we sought out John Weinzweig, who teaches composition on the Faculty of Music of the University of Toronto, to ask him about it. Just what was the CMA?

"Well," Mr. Weinzweig said, "it's a committee of citizens interested in Canadian music and its problems. Actually, the League of Canadian Composers is its parent. The Associates have accepted our

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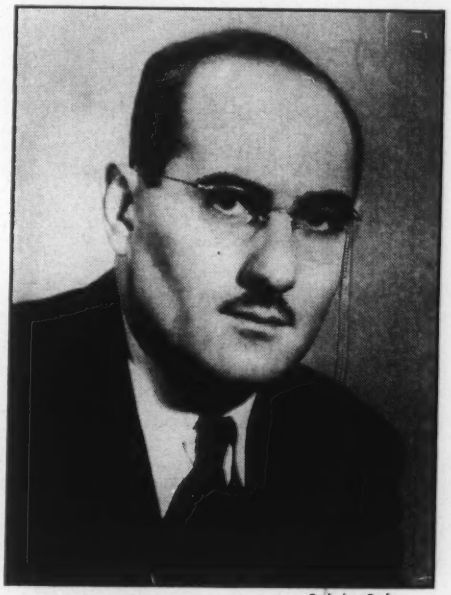
aims and are helping us out by doing a lot of the things a group of composers finds it difficult to do. The first of these is to make Canadian music better known and the best way to do that is to put on concerts and that's where CMA comes in. They do the organizing and raise the money.

"There are about 32 composers all across the country, that is, composers who have had works performed here or abroad, have written for films or radio or TV. They are professional composers but they don't earn a living at it. Take those on this week's concert, for example. Andrew Twa of Toronto, who has a symphony



Sylvia Schwartz

JOHN WEINZWEIG: Recognition.

being performed, is an accountant. Francois Morel of Montreal earns his living as pianist for a dancing school. Murray Adaskin, Godfrey Ridout and Udo Kasemets are all like me. We earn our living by teaching. Adaskin is on the faculty of the University of Saskatchewan, Ridout lectures on the faculty of music here and does some conducting, Kasemets teaches on the staff of the Hamilton Conservatory and conducts a choir. Robert Fleming, whose *Ballet Suite* is on the program, is the only one really composing full time and he's doing what might be called functional music for the National Film Board in Ottawa. It's not a condition unique in Canada. Even in Britain or the United States it is difficult to achieve a career as a composer or to earn a living from commissions or royalties.

"Basically it's a matter of publication. Contemporary work doesn't pay a publisher, whether it's an opera by Benjamin Britten or a symphony by Sir William Walton. All publication in the serious field is a long-term investment. So a composer becomes his own publisher. He copies out his works and gladly loans them to performers who will play them, but that's only possible for a short piece. To make copies of a symphony for an orchestra would take six to eight months of full-time work. The publishing houses that could do it won't. They're branches of English firms and they are simply reflecting the attitude of the parent house: that Canada is a colony and doesn't rate very high culturally. They're not interested and they're not willing to find out.

"That's where the Canadian Music Associates help out. They're making an effort to get the music in the hands of the performers and to get it heard. First performances are important, but it's the second one that really counts. We've got a book of piano pieces coming out: *Fourteen Piano Pieces by Canadian Composers.* It's a real enterprise. I have a piece in it that I wrote in 1939. From 1939 to 1955 is pretty slow. But with the CMA to help, we'll get round the difficulties and Canadian composers will get the recognition they deserve both here and abroad."

Legal Tender

THE NEW dollar bill carries the inscription, "The Bank of Canada will pay to the bearer on demand", but neglects to say just what the Bank will pay. The *Rural Scene*, spotting this odd omission, wonders if it means that the Government has no intention of paying us anything for our dollar or if it thinks that the dollar has shrunk to the point where it is no longer visible to the naked eye. The mystery could be solved, of course, by taking a dollar to the Bank and making the proper demand, but this would be the dull, practical way; the best one could hope to get from an institution capable of putting out such an odd bill would be another paper dollar in return. It is much more amusing to speculate about the things the Bank *might* give to the bearer, on demand. One hundred cents? A glance at a $1,000 bill? An autographed picture of the Bank's President? 1.587 pounds of butter?

Beer and Bitterness

THERE WAS a time when the word "temperance" had a good, sturdy meaning. But for many years now it has been one of the weasel-words, having one meaning for some people and another, entirely different meaning for others. This was brought about by the intemperate use of the word by advocates not of moderation but of prohibition. What they want prohibited, of course, is the manufacture of all alcoholic beverages because some people drink to excess. They have not yet

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reached the stage of demanding that eating be prohibited because some people eat too much, or that thinking be stopped because some people think too much; and obviously, they have not examined the possibilities of a ban on intemperate talk — a measure that would condemn them to blessed silence.

The best that can be said for the proponents of moderation through prohibition is that they are, within very narrow limits, consistent. It is even possible, occasionally, to admire the ruggedness of their intemperance. When a brewing company offered Toronto a $12 million civic centre the other day, for example, there was an immediate outcry from Dr. J. R. Mutchmor, a churchman whose assault on sin has been furiously vocal for many years. The city, he thundered, should not accept a civic centre "built on beer kegs and beer bottles". Dr. Mutchmor, in his own way, was not being inconsistent; he was not ignoring the fact that brewing is a legal business paying taxes that help to provide all sorts of worthwhile things; he was acting according to his belief that beer is an evil thing and money that comes from its sale is tainted. If we condense his argument, it goes something like this: Some people drink too much beer, therefore the making of beer is an evil, the law is wrong and the civic centres, schools, pensions and other good things paid for out of the profits on beer are bad. There is no harm in all this, of course, as long as Dr. Mutchmor does not try to compel others to accept his opinion by some means other than persuasion. The prohibitionists, unfortunately, are short on persuasion and long on compulsion; fortunately, they are outnumbered by moderate people of good sense. If Toronto does not get its $12 million civic centre, it will be for some other reason than a blind hatred of an honest business.

Renewing a Licence

THERE WAS a slight delay when we went to renew our driving licence the other day. It was caused by an earnest young man who informed the official behind the wicket, "I have been told it is necessary to have a licence for the driving of automobiles, and I do not wish to break the law of this country". How long had he been here? Two years. Had he ever applied before for a licence? No. Did he own a car? Yes. Had he taken a driving test? "Ah, but that is not necessary. For many years I have been able to drive a car." The official took a pretty stern view of it all and was still muttering when we got to his wicket. He was right, of course; theoretically, licences are issued only to drivers whose competence has been tested. But in most provinces the test is little more than a trip around the block. And the official handed us our renewal without any apparent concern about our continued ability to drive. We might have been on the verge of blindness, paralysis or insanity, but apparently that does not matter.

Tracer of Paintings

BETWEEN 20 and 30 per cent of the art treasures taken from the Netherlands by Nazis during World War II are still missing. We learnt this from A. B. de Vries, director of the Maritshuis Museum in The Hague, who is touring North America with an exhibition of 17th century Dutch paintings (insured for $20 million). He objected to being called Dr. de Vries. "I hate this kind of Germanic influence, people called Doctor when they

Ashley & Crippen

A. B. de VRIES: Co-operation.

are not Doctors of Medicine," he said. "I have the degree of Ph.D. from Utrecht University, but I do not like being addressed as Doctor."

During the war, he forged identity papers to get himself, wife and daughter out of the Netherlands, into occupied France, then Switzerland and finally to England, where he joined the Dutch government-in-exile. It was there, in 1944, that he began to collect information about the looting of Dutch art. With the war's end, he set to work recovering what had been stolen.

"There was wonderful co-operation from the western forces of occupation," he said. "We had an international set-up, with a head office in Amsterdam. If we could identify the objects of art which were found in Germany and brought to collecting points—Frankfurt, Munich and several other places—then they were restored to the Dutch Government. There were losses and damages, of course, but in general we are rather satisfied. Of the main works of art, the most important things can be more easily identified than the unimportant ones, and of these I think that about 70 to 80 per cent have been restored. That's quite a fair percentage. The stolen pictures were often hidden away in mines and other so-called safe places. Also, the public had to make declarations to the occupying forces, and we got some information about things taken to certain places. Rembrandt's last known self-portrait, for instance, was hidden in a salt mine near Linz, in Austria. Mr. Hitler had set that one aside for himself."

What was the state of modern Dutch art? "Art is a complicated thing and it is difficult to simplify, but I would say there are two main trends, abstracts and a kind of expressionism. We have a few very good artists. We have had quite a bit of emigration, to Canada, South Africa and Australia particularly, but I do not think you will find many artists among the emigrants. They will perhaps go to France for a couple of years, or to Italy or Spain, but they do not emigrate—speaking generally, that is. They come home and paint. Perhaps it is the tradition."

Tax Secrecy (*Cover Picture*)

EARLY IN the present session of Parliament there was a flurry of excitement about an income tax case. The tax appeal board had rejected an unnamed company's request that the money it had spent on a house be considered a business expense, since the house was being used as a place of entertainment for officials of municipal, provincial and federal governments who had the power to award contracts. Prime Minister St. Laurent promised to get the details for the inquisitive Commons, but he ran into legal complications. He told the House on January 14. "When such an application for a hearing in camera is made, there is no disclosure made about the identity of the appellant".

One man in Parliament who does know all the details of the case that excited the other members, of course, is the Minister of National Revenue, the Hon. J. J. McCann, but he has been reticent. Replying to a question by Stanley Knowles (CCF, Winnipeg North Centre), he said, "Since the delivery of the judgment . . . a check was made as to whether at any time since the appellant company purchased the property referred to in the judgment, the Federal Government had awarded any contract of any kind to the appellant company or to its subsidiary . . . The Federal Government had not awarded any contract whatever." Mr. Knowles pointed out that the property "had only been leased with the option of purchase", which made the reply meaningless. Dr. McCann did not elaborate, but he should be questioned further. It might start a needed debate about the virtue of secrecy in cases that involve matters of public concern.

Accessories for the Home: Moscow Style

Antique Styles and Lagging Quotas Rouse Criticism in "Izvestia"

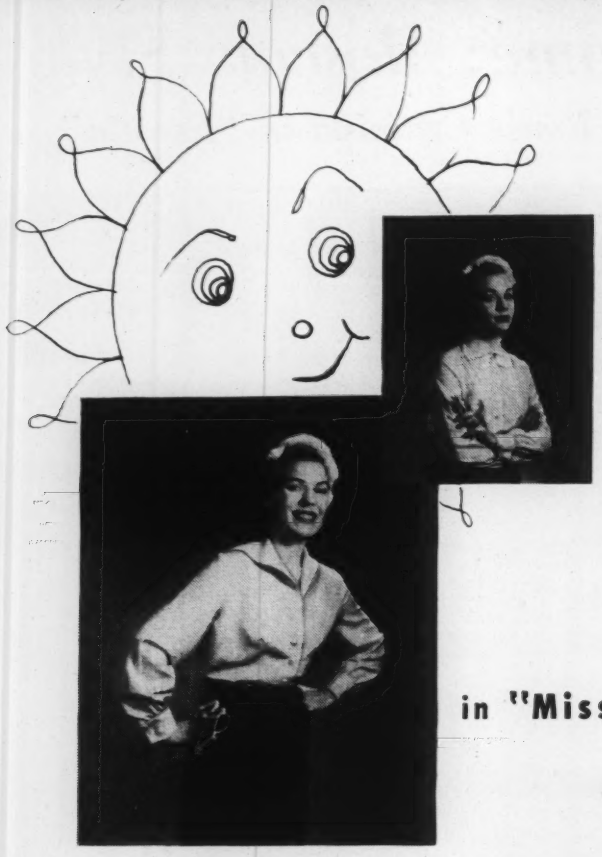
Thirty-eight years after the Bolshevik revolution, the Soviet Union is still producing the kind of home furnishings common in Czarist days. The large lamps pictured here cost about 100 rubles or approximately $25.

Inspired by the comments in the complaint books of electrical shops, a Moscow woman journalist, Olga Rusanova, wrote scathingly in "Izvestia" of modern Soviet styles in furnishings. Wallpapers, too, were criticized. "Though new papers with simple, elegant designs have appeared on sale," she said, "there are still too many cheap reproductions of old-fashioned designs, more suitable for restoring old mansions and palaces than today's homes."

She did not think much of the designs of rugs or furniture, either. She said that while some furniture has shed its antique frills and could even qualify as modern, it is difficult to match pieces, even when they come from the same factory. "Each cabinet is made in a different style. When you bring these oddments into your apartment, it looks like a second-hand store." These rugs are priced at $933 each.

Miss Rusanova's chief target, however, was the factory producing lighting equipment. She reported that stores could have sold twice the 300,000 lamp-shades produced last year, that production is lagging in the manufacture of 75,000 eye-saving green lamps. Stores received only 2,000 of them during the first six months of 1954. This display is at GUM, Moscow's largest department store.

International Photos



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Soviets Turn Back to Stalinism

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

IT USED to be said that the West always lagged years behind in understanding developments in Soviet Russia. These days we are doing better: we are only a few months behind. Yet even a few months could be a critical lag. For it seems the notion that a period of relative peace, based on some real change for the better going on within the Soviet Union since the death of Stalin, has become widely accepted by our people just at a time when the Soviet leaders have been turning back to Stalinism.

There can be no doubt whatever that the peoples of the USSR yearned for a change and that a great expectation that there must be a change for the better spread throughout the Soviet Union and the satellite states. We have had eye-witness reports on this from defecting Red Army soldiers who have described drunken celebrations of Stalin's death and Beria's fall in their barracks in East Germany; from refugees who have fled from Czechoslovakia and Hungary, and even distant Romania; from people repatriated from the vast Arctic labor camps near Vorkuta, where the workers went on strike in July, 1953. Furthermore, we have the evidence of Ehrenbourg's novel on this topic, called *The Thaw*.

He had just time to sense the new popular mood, to write the novel, publish and distribute it, before the new freeze-up. The theme of the story is that everyone was looking for a thaw after the great storm; everywhere some kind of miracle was silently awaited, thanks to which "things suddenly become better, everything changes, that is, everything is the same, the city, people, things—yet everything is different".

One of the characters, an engineer, denies his own beliefs in criticizing a writer because "one has to be an intelligent person and keep one's thoughts to oneself". Another is a Jewish woman doctor, who feels the "frost-bound life" closing in around her after the arrest of the Kremlin doctors. There is an artist, forced to turn out "pot-boilers", who remarks bitterly that "even Raphael would not be accepted today as a member of the Union of Artists". And there's a stupid, vindictive factory manager, whose downfall brings great joy to his workers, "who manufacture wonderful machines but live in decayed houses with leaky roofs".

Not only Ehrenbourg. The playwright Mikhalkov dared to write in *Teatr* about the public which "patiently watches our plays" while thinking that the plays differ from what they know about life, "but evidently that is the way one should write". His colleague G. Mukhtarov boldly stated that "when an important personage complains that something in a play does not please him, the Theatre and Art Administration capitulates. Everyone fears dismissal." But N. Pogodin was sure that "conditions have improved, we can write unhindered. I believe that this will continue in the future."

All of these writers, and many more, reared under Soviet conditions and hardened to scepticism by many tactical changes of the party line, nevertheless believed that with the passing of Stalin the deep-seated desire for change and for a better life must at last be gratified. This is entirely understandable, for the new leaders said and did some remarkable things.

I was always much impressed by the line that Beria adopted, for, as the head of the secret police, he must have known best what people were grumbling about and what they most wanted, and as we know now, he was engaged in a desperate contest for popular support. Over Stalin's grave he promised that the new leaders "would give maximum satisfaction to the growing needs of the people". Within a few days he published a broad amnesty for prisoners, and shortly afterwards, in releasing the Kremlin doctors and denouncing their false imprisonment and the "improper methods"—taken to mean torture—used to secure their confessions, he promised the people that henceforth they would be secure against arbitrary arrest. Then he turned to the minority peoples, who constitute half the population of the USSR, and assured them—notably the Ukrainians—freedom from Russification. One could hardly believe that these things were said by a Soviet leader if they were not on record.

Malenkov made his big play in his speech to the Supreme Soviet, five months after Stalin's death and a month after the purge of Beria. Noting that 70 per cent of all Soviet workers were employed in heavy industry, he declared that light industry, for the production of consumer goods, must be further developed, and called for a study of the needs and demands of the people. Attention would also be given to building more houses, schools, creches and hospitals.

Krushchev stepped up next and made himself the farmers' friend. This was an unlikely role for him, as he had been in charge of the sweeping plan for converting the collective farms into "agro-towns", which had been launched in 1950 and halted in 1951.

However, in baring the weakness of Soviet agriculture over the years, and promising higher prices to the farmers for the produce that they raised on their small private plots, better facilities for raising a cow of their own and for taking their pro-

Sovfoto

KRUSHCHEV (left) appears to be following Stalin's last published theories, in launching a vast new drive against the collective farms.

duce to market, Krushchev made the following remarkable statement. "The principle of personal financial interest on the part of every enterprise and individual worker in the fruits of their labor is one of the basic principles of our socialist economy."

The following month, it was Mikoyan's turn. As the head of a new ministerial setup in charge of the production of consumer goods, agriculture, and domestic and foreign trade, he announced plans for building 1,000 new food products factories by 1956. The public was to get much more meat (long a scarce item) and butter; it was to get more bicycles, radios washing machines and television sets, but also such homely things as watches and metal beds. He told a large gathering of shop directors and assistants that capitalist methods of trade organization might be studied and adopted when useful.

A year later, visiting in Finland, Mikoyan was still showing appreciation of the capitalist system. In fact, he expressed his astonishment at the tremendous variety and fine quality of the merchandise displayed for sale in Finnish stores. To the president of a paper mill he admitted "we have much to learn from capitalism. I came to Finland a Communist. After what I have seen I must be careful, otherwise I shall return to Moscow a capitalist."

He wasn't careful enough. Six weeks later he was out of a job, or at least, out of *that* job. It may have been partly his damaging admission that Communists could learn much from capitalism; but he was also caught in a change of policy. The editor of *Pravda* sped his departure with a full-page editorial denouncing the whole policy of giving priority to consumer goods over heavy industry and the talk of it now being "time to satisfy the needs of the people". "This would mean surrendering the initiative in modern industrial advancement to the capitalist countries and would endanger the security of the Soviet Union. It would be difficult to imagine a more unscientific and rotten theory, or one that would more disarm our people . . . in the present acute international situation. The continual strengthening of the Soviet motherland . . . is the first, sacred, patriotic and international duty of the Soviet people."

There it is, out in the open at last, an abrupt change of line back to the old Stalinist policy. One could sense it coming, in the more and more frequent calls in *Pravda* in the last few weeks for priority for heavy industry and warnings of the old, well-worn "capitalist encirclement".

No doubt, the German question has played its part in the repudiation of a "soft" policy at home and the stress on the need for heavy industry in a dangerous international situation. But there has been evidence of alarm among the party leaders over the general let-down produced by the "thaw" of 1953, and where this could lead in the revision of Communist doctrine and practice. The conclusion has been drawn, as in Yugoslavia, where an even greater relaxation was permitted, that you cannot let up the pressure and maintain a Communist dictatorship.

And so we see Krushchev playing Stalin, in sending off a new contingent of Komsomols to till the virgin lands of Siberia and Kazakhstan. This plan was first discussed at a conference of agricultural specialists in January last year, it seems, and from the *Pravda* report, considerable scepticism was displayed over a goal of 10.3 million acres. By March 2, the opening up of 31.2 million acres was announced; by fall Krushchev was claiming 40.8 million acres broken; by January 1955, he was setting a goal of 72 million acres by the end of this plowing season.

Here is the familiar Stalinist cult of *gigantism*, with all the waste and sacrifice that accompanies it. Young Communists are being sent, mainly from the cities, to areas far from railways and rivers, without either buildings or the lumber from which to construct them, without roads or towns or stores or even wells. Most of the land has never been opened up because it is too dry or the season is too short, or it is too remote. Some of it must be tillable, but most of the Kazakhstan terrain had better be left under grass, lest it be turned into a dustbowl. Huge resources are being poured into this effort—Krushchev has promised 98,000 tractors and 26,000 combines this year—and it will almost certainly cost far more than it produces for years to come.

THE PURPOSE seems to be threefold. First, to raise more grain, so that it can be fed to more animals, and increase the meat, milk and butter supply. Second, to create a large new breadbasket geographically more secure than the one which the Germans twice overran in the Ukraine. Third, to prepare for the conversion of the whole collective farm system to state farms. All of the new farms in Siberia are being organized as state farms, wholly the property of the state, with no private plots or animals.

When the new state farms in Siberia are producing well, the plan probably is to make a new effort to convert the collective farms, those dangerous remnants of capitalism, whose private plots are estimated to have supplied a quarter of all the food grown in the Soviet Union during the war, into "agro-towns", and all the farmers into a landless proletariat.

Two years after his death, Stalin's theories seem to be again in the ascendant. Can they be carried through without a new Stalin? Krushchev seems to be making the running, at present. But if Malenkov could hold on, the kind of farm fiasco which Stalin was able to survive could be Krushchev's ruin.

The Public Prints

Cleveland Plain Dealer: When the United States government operated the railroads during World War I, taxpayers had to make up a daily deficit of nearly $2 million.

During World War II, when the railroads remained under private management, they paid the Federal Government an average of more than $3 million a day in taxes.

If any lesson were needed to show the difference between public and private management this would appear to be a good one.

Sherbrooke Record: The city of the future will not grow haphazardly. Its transportation problem and that of its water supply will be solved in advance. Its subways will be in running order before there is a passenger within miles. Its streets will be wide enough for parking at both curbs and for parking in the middle and there will be plenty of roadway left for two vehicles to travel in each direction.

Calgary Herald: It seems to be pretty much of a toss-up as to who loves the miserable 1930s the most, CCF'ers or Social Crediters.

Both these parties love nothing better than to snake-charm those weary old spooks out of the past to spread fear and despair both among those who remember and those who were not even born, incidentally dropping meat-cleaver hints that only by voting CCF, or Social Credit, as the case may be, can the hoary political poltergeists be sent back to their graves for good and all.

Hamilton Spectator: Medical progress note: Researchers have now developed several miracle drugs which, when taken under a doctor's supervision, don't make the common cold any worse.

Peterborough Examiner: What we need is a deeper, more carefully weighted form of journalism, to meet modern conditions. But that costs money — very large sums of money—more money than most papers can raise.

We on the *Examiner* could put out a wonderful paper if we trebled our staff, and engaged 10 editorial writers to produce learned opinions and hard-sought facts on all matters of public interest. But that would mean your evening paper would cost you 25 cents a copy instead of five cents.

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Letter from London

Business Booms and Romance Revives

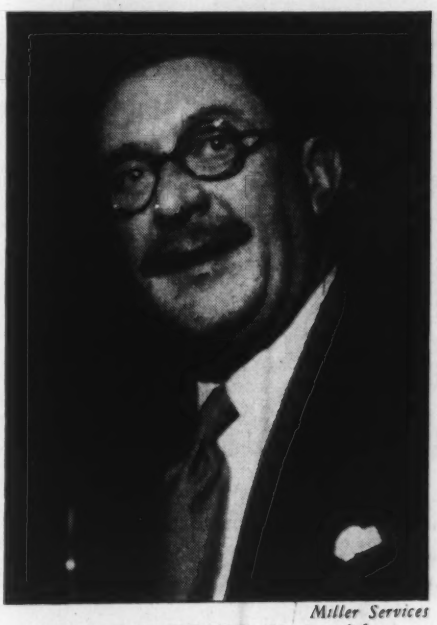
By Beverley Nichols

STRIKES or no strikes, the British boom continues, and nothing seems able to damp the general conviction that 1955 is going to carry the British people to new uplands of prosperity. On the front page of the cold, wet evening newspaper that one buys in Piccadilly Circus there is nothing but cold, wet news: trouble on the nationalized railways, a loss of two million pounds on the nationalized coal-mining industry, rumblings in British Overseas Airways, walk-outs in the motor factories. Then one turns over to Page Two, to the city page, and one blinks at the triumphant headlines. "Another day of pluses" — "Share index reaches new peak" — "Gilts up, stores up, tobaccos up, electricals up, steels up." Only one minus in the whole list — something to do with a utility company in Peru, in which your correspondent, needless to say, has a considerable interest.

Obviously there are sound reasons for this optimism. To take only one example, 1954 registered a rise of no less than seventeen per cent in the total amount of cheques passed through the Bankers' Clearing House, and cheque clearings are one of the surest guides to commercial activity. At the same time, small savers invested £106 million *more* and drew out £20 million *less*. Along with these tendencies, which are certainly not inflationary, comes the news that steel production is at an all-time high, that unemployment is at an all-time low, and that the average weekly wage packet of £9. 17. 0 a week is the fattest ever recorded. By pre-war standards the sums being spent on capital re-equipment are astronomical, such as the £64 million which has been set aside by Ford's, out of reserves, for bigger and better factories over the next three years.

One very significant new phenomenon has made its appearance: the sudden conversion of the British public to the principle of hire purchase. In the old days, to buy anything on the "never-never" was considered by the average conservative Englishman to be the first step down the rake's progress. Now everybody's doing it. I have just done it myself with the purchase of a new car. I asked the salesman if his company frowned upon such transactions. "Good heavens no, sir," he replied. "Eighty per cent of our customers buy their cars on the instalment system." He added, primly, that those customers included many members of the aristocracy. Perhaps, I thought, that was the reason.

Only one cloud threatens to darken this otherwise glowing horizon; it is somewhat bigger than a man's hand and I do not think it too fanciful to suggest that it is shaped like a clenched fist. People often ask me about the strength of the Communist Party in Britain. It is impossible to give an accurate reply, because the statistics vary enormously; some place the membership as high as 80,000, others as low as 40,000. All one can say, with any certainty, is that their actual influence is



Miller Services

GILBERT HARDING: National hero.

out of all proportion to their numbers. In Britain today, anybody but a fool can note the clear working of the classic Communist technique—firstly to concentrate on a vital industry, such as the docks or the mines, and secondly to seize the key positions in that industry, which are, of course, held by the shop stewards. Behind almost every industrial dispute in the past year — with the single exception of the railwaymen, who had sound reasons for their discontent — you will find a Red shop steward, with a copy of the *Daily Worker* in his pocket, and all the glib, cheating, poisonous patter of dialectical materialism on the tip of his tongue.

I am not competent — nor is any other non-Communist journalist — to trace the ugly ramifications of the Communist pattern throughout Britain. One little twist in that pattern, however, may be of interest. It is the growing habit of punishing a loyal workman, who refuses to join an illegal strike and honors his engagements, by "sending him to Coventry". (Not everyone is aware that this phrase originated during our Civil War, when large numbers of Royalists were imprisoned in the city of Coventry. Later on, it was used as a form of mess discipline in the army of the eighteenth century; finally it degenerated into a form of bullying by sadistic hooligans in the time of Tom Brown's Schooldays.)

This despicable form of punishment has now been revived by the Red shop stewards. They call a strike; it is declared illegal by their own unions; they have no alternative but to summon their men back to work. But they still have their revenge on any man who did not obey them. They "send him to Coventry". For weeks, often for months, the wretched man must work in silence; none of his mates may even bid him "good-morning" or "good-night". There have even been cases where, if he wishes for technical information, he must find a pad of paper and go up to the foreman, and put his question in writing. It seems incredible that grown-up men, who once set the world an example in courage and comradeship, should allow themselves to be duped into conduct so utterly puerile. However, that is what is happening. The Communists, evidently, have a way with them.

IF ANYBODY had suggested, a couple of years ago, that the year 1955 would witness a romantic revival in London, he would have been regarded as an amiable eccentric. Today, most people would agree that it is at least a possibility. It depends, of course, on what you mean by a "romantic revival". I take it to mean a hunger for color, an eagerness for experiment, and an impatience with all that is drab, austere and utilitarian.

As an extreme example I would take the notorious Teddy Boys. These youngsters, mostly from the East End of London, are periodically in the news, and usually on the crime pages. They are called Teddy Boys because they have adopted the uniform of an Edwardian "swell", with tight trousers, padded shoulders, sweeping bowler hats, and patent leather shoes. They spend a week's wages on a single hair-do. The sight of a trio of them, swaggering down the street, is bizarre, to say the least of it, and late at night, distinctly unwelcome. In spite of their dandyism there is nothing in the least sissy about the Teddy Boys; they are handy with their fists, and only too often they carry a razor blade with them.

Deplorable? Of course. And yet, when you study the case-histories of the vast majority of these types, as they are reported in the courts, you find, time and again, that the flamboyant costume and the criminal code are a rebellion against

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a childhood of austerity, of uniformity, and of drabness. Through the broken Cockney in which they try to defend themselves you can hear the echo of the Regency rake, and even more remotely, the young Elizabethan buccaneer. I believe the Teddy Boys, if they were only given a chance to adjust themselves, are the stuff from which they make the best pioneers.

However, there are happier hunting grounds for romance than the gutter. What about the law-abiding young? Well—yesterday I was talking to the manager of one of the biggest of the concerns that deal in greeting cards, and he told me that in the past three years there has been a startling increase — amounting to 150 per cent per annum — in the sale of Valentines, and that the vast majority of these are purchased by teen-agers. Only a straw, perhaps, but it shows the way the wind is blowing, and it is warm with romance. And it must be linked with hundreds of other straws. For instance, one of the uncrowned kings of British youth at the moment is an ex-Etonian called Humphrey Littleton, who produces an exceptionally virulent form of jazz in an Oxford Street club, and draws the town. Not very romantic, you may say, and musically you would be right. But if you wander along there, one evening, you will see an extraordinary phenomenon, the revival of all the Edwardian courtesies of approach — bowing, clicking of heels, linking of arms, and even the murmured words "May I have the pleasure?" You would think that you were about to see a stately Viennese waltz, instead of a frenzied exhibition of jive.

It is all part and parcel of the long overdue revolt against austerity; that is why *The Boy Friend,* with its nostalgic memories of the twenties, is the most popular musical comedy in London, that is why opera cloaks have come back to Covent Garden, and why the nurserymen are working overtime to supply window-boxes by the thousand, for streets that have been flower-less for too many dreary years.

THIS IS the last letter that I shall be writing to you for a month or two. By the time these words are published I shall have set sail for Jamaica, where I propose to stay for three weeks. It is rather alarming to think of spending so long a period surrounded by half-naked millionaires, divorcees and cabaret artistes, but there will always be Mr. Bustamante to bring one back to reality, and there will also be, one earnestly hopes, sunshine. I have not seen the sun for three years, and that is too long. An exclusive diet of grey clouds is bad for the body and worse for the brain.

After Jamaica I fly to New York, and then to Canada, where I shall be spending a few days at the end of February. This is so ludicrous a procedure that I am almost ashamed to confess it. A few days

in Canada! It is like flying to the moon for a cocktail party.

My mind is still reeling from the impact of certain elementary statistics which TV presented to the British public the other day, in an admirable little program called "Meet the Canadians". The second largest country in the world, inhabited by less than sixteen millions — over a third of her land forest — incalculable millions of barrels of crude oil lying buried under her soil — three out of five newspapers in the whole world produced on Canadian newsprint, and so on, literally ad infinitum. One may have known all this before, but it is a shock, and a salutary one, to have it thrown at one, all at once, from the screen. This is one of the occasions where TV can be congratulated on filling its proper role as a popular educator.

In other spheres, the probable influence of TV is hard to forecast. All one can say is that it will be enormous. Since I began writing this letter, two years ago, the craze for TV has swept the country like wild-fire, and a whole host of new national heroes and heroines has been created. Who, for instance, had heard of Lady Barnett and Elizabeth Allan, two years ago? Certainly not your correspondent. Today the names of these two elegant and charming ladies are as well known as the names of Florence Nightingale and Joan of Arc—and probably more so. Not only their names, of course, but their faces and their voices. In the next general election, their lightest words may be the means of swaying the votes of tens of thousands. It is an awful thought when one remembers that their principal claim to fame rests on their performance in a light-hearted parlor game called "What's My Line?"

In the words of the *Evening Standard*: "It is not too much to say that just as Mr. Gladstone's speeches on Anglo-Turkish relations and the Zulu wars determined the election of 1880, so could the fate of Britain in 1955 be settled by the successful conclusion of an alliance with Mr. Gilbert Harding".

•

Phenomena

Just where the sun had risen
I saw a thin band of light
that made the sky over the city,
across the river, bright.

For three days I had not breathed.
Was it the grey clouds lifting above the town?
Was it the shape of the light,
have made me put this down?

I watched until the light that curled
and stretched on the horizon's rim had turned
the dark into its own clear semblance,
stood there and held the world.

LOUIS DUDEK

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Ottawa Letter

Criticism from East and West

By John A. Stevenson

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS was once more a wasteful spendthrift of time (more than three weeks), on the debate on the Address, and the threshing of old straw made its later stages wearisome. But a satisfactory feature was the increased participation of the French-Canadian Liberals, some of whom spoke well. But racial sensitiveness made a group of them devote too much of their energies to denouncing Erhart Regier (CCF, Burnaby—Coquitlam) for the rash assertion that Quebec is ripe for Communism, and Harold Winch (CCF, Vancouver East) for suggesting that, if the bi-lingual French-Canadian members would only employ their command of English in their speeches, they would capture the attention of less fortunate members who could not follow a French oration.

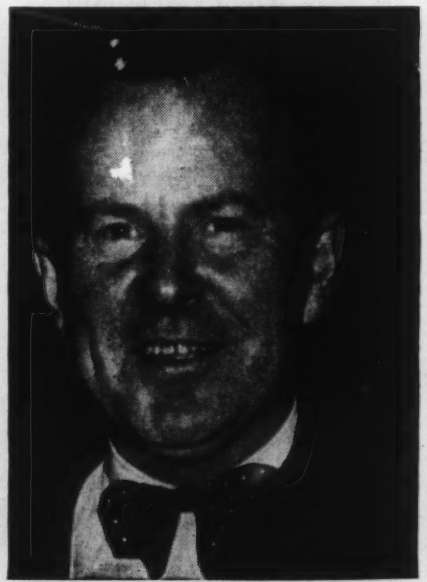
Fernand Girard (Ind., Lapointe) chose as his main theme the ancient grievance that the French-Canadian race is not fairly represented in the higher echelons of the Federal civil service and cited figures to show that whereas the French-Canadians numbered roughly 30 per cent of the total population, they only held 13.1 per cent (979 out of 8,445) of the posts in the service carrying salaries of more than $5,000 a year. But there has been improvement in this situation since 1932, when Prime Minister R. B. Bennett, having instructed Dr. O. D. Skelton to pick, on the sole basis of qualifications, a committee of the most expert officials in special fields to prepare the Canadian briefs for the Imperial Economic Conference of that year, had to face a furious protest from his French-Canadian Ministers because not one of their race was included in it. Today there are about 10 French-Canadians with the rank of Deputy Minister and there will be more when the marked improvement achieved in scientific education in the universities and colleges of French Canada bears full fruit.

Mr. Pearson, before he left for London, secured a decisive majority of 213 to 12 for the endorsation of his treaty after a debate which was highly creditable to the Commons, as no fewer than 55 members made intelligent contributions to it. Twenty years ago only about half a dozen would have ventured to discuss an international problem.

Prime Minister St. Laurent is known to cherish an acute distaste for what might be called the acrimonies of public life and he has become a deft practitioner of the art of administering doses of soothing syrup. His charming personality, his friendly bonhomie and the guise of general benevolence, which has earned for him the title of "Uncle Louie", have combined to give him an immunity from personal criticism which few of his predecessors in his high office have enjoyed. Indeed he has been given so much adulation by indiscriminating adorers, one of whom went so far as to describe him as "The Ultimate Canadian", that there is now considerable evidence that he has become infected by two spiritual ailments, fatal to real statesmanship: a love of power for its own sake, and a deplorable complacency about anachronisms in our political structure and flaws in our economic and social system, which are crying to heaven for intelligent remedial treatment.

He rules his Cabinet with a tight disciplinary hand; the occasions are rare when he deigns to have personal intercourse with the rank and file of his parliamentary supporters and to invite an expression of their views upon a current problem. He is still the able lawyer, trying his best to win cases for the Liberal party in the high court of the nation, and the success which he frequently achieves is a far cry from statesmanship of the highest order.

Since the Liberal victory in the election of 1953, the prestige which the Prime Minister acquired all over the country as the chief architect of the triumph has so cowed most of the members of the opposition that they have treated him with great reverence and handled him with kid gloves in debate. In Liberal eyes criticism of any of his actions has been regarded as equivalent to lese-majesty. So it must have been a novel and very trying experience for Mr. St. Laurent when E. Davie Fulton (PC, Kamloops) made some of the Prime Minister's performances the subject of a blistering attack. Mr. Fulton is now rated one of the most competent and courageous parliamentarians of the Progressive Conservative party; if he is not a real master of the art of invective, he is an expert with the subtler and often deadlier weapon of irony.



TCA

LESTER PEARSON: Big majority.

Starting on a mild note, he took the Prime Minister to task for not summoning Parliament before Christmas and for his refusal to permit it to discuss the issues to be raised at the Conference of Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth in London. Fastening upon Mr. St. Laurent's bromidic declaration that he was not going to London "to make things any worse", he suggested that the Canadian Parliament had a right to expect from the Government and the Prime Minister a more realistic concern about the problems now exercising the minds of the Canadian people. Turning to Dominion-Provincial relations, he traced the course of Mr. St. Laurent's dealings with Mr. Duplessis from the brave declaration of war in the now famous speech at the Reform Club in Quebec City down to the offer of a 10 per cent credit on Federal income taxation for a similar provincial levy. Upon this amazing *volte-face* Mr. Fulton, speaking with real passion, declared:

"The rousing battle song is now the sweetest of harmonies, and St. Louis, the valiant knight, has become once more Uncle Louie, the kisser of babies. No longer do you hear the rattling of sabres or the gnashing of angry teeth. Instead honeyed words are flowing and the sword is sheathed. The Prime Minister has returned to Parliament and on January 17, instead of unfurling aloft the banner of righteous indignation, we saw the spectacle of Uncle Louie coming into the house and brandishing an all-day sucker, giant size, with the Liberal brand on it."

Angry protests from Liberal backbenchers, outraged by this forthright assault upon their revered leader, left Mr. Fulton unmoved and he proceeded to castigate Mr. Garson, the Minister of Justice for some of his utterances in the by-election held last fall in the Selkirk division of Manitoba. He accused this minister of roaming the prairies to arouse Western Canadian opinion against Quebec by a narrow racial appeal and taunted him with complaisant acquiescence in a transaction he had denounced. Obviously net-

CP

STUART GARSON: Nettled.

tled by such charges, Mr. Garson rose at once and essayed to prove their falsity by reading long extracts from a copy of one of his speeches which he had available. But his almost plaintive avowal that Mr. Fulton's allegations were "absolutely without foundation" will hardly pass muster in the light of the following passages in one of his speeches:

"Let me deal—with one of the Government's policies which is absolutely essential to the welfare of Manitoba and which is being strongly challenged at this very moment. I refer to the tax agreements . . . The whole difference in Quebec between Mr. Duplessis and the Federal Liberals centres round Mr. Duplessis' attempt by means of his provincial income to upset the entire tax agreement system."

The admirers of the Prime Minister can argue till they are blue in the face that his concession was a wise effort to settle a troublesome controversy and that it was only frustrated by Mr. Duplessis' pernicious obstinacy, but they will find it very hard to wash out the picture of humiliating appeasement painted by Mr. Fulton.

On June 18, 1936, when the Baldwin Ministry abandoned its half-hearted commercial sanctions against Italy, Lloyd George lashed them in a speech which Sir Winston Churchill described as "one of the greatest parliamentary performances of all time". Quoting an exhortation by Baldwin to the Peace Society that their aim should be resolute and their footsteps firm and certain, the Welshman said, "Here is the resolute aim, here is the certain footstep—running away". No cap could better fit the head of our Prime Minister and Mr. Fulton's speech must help him to be conscious that he has suffered a grievous fall from the pinnacle of prestige on which he stood after his speech at the Reform Club.

The Passing Show

Diplomats at Large

By Norman Ward

FOR THE PAST few weeks I have been idly wondering why, under the index entry "International activities, Canada's", in *The Canada Year Book*, there is a subentry: "birth rates". Surely, unless there is more to diplomacy than meets the eye, a birth rate could hardly get more domestic?

One is reluctant to pry into these matters. The Department of External Affairs has seemed to be a tidy outfit with whom few Canadians have a quarrel, possibly because so many external affairs take place outside the country. But even at home the Department is among the most popular, and its employees have an almost frightening air of competence. I've never seen one of them who didn't look as if he had just had a haircut. It's been the sort of government department that the common citizen is loathe to upset, lest in his coarse way he shatter one of his own illusions.

Now External has shattered the illusion itself. The mail has brought a mimeographed sketch of the kind of employee the Department is looking for, and things will never be the same again. It's hard on a taxpayer to read that, "A Canadian outlook derived from a knowledge of the people and life of our two races is essential". We can concede that "race" doesn't strictly mean race but cultural group, although no consulting anthropologist within range will make the admission. But several pages in the Canada Year Book raise the suspicion that we may have more than two races.

In western Canada, in fact, the two most important are not even British and French. The three western provinces have more people of Scandinavian origin than of French, and two of them have more of Ukrainian origin than of Scandinavian. All three have more people of German origin than of Ukrainian. When a westerner applies for a job at External, of which of his two "races" is knowledge essential?

There's some comfort here, though. The Department wants "persons who have the academic attainments of the serious graduate of any University course, who have such related attributes as integrity, reliability, adaptability, resourcefulness, endurance, good judgment, capacity to assume responsibility, and who are able to express their own ideas verbally and in writing". Quite right, too. The character sketch adds, "We are looking for some cultivation—but not over-cultivation—of speech, manners and appearance". Just as I was thinking regretfully that the only person I know who has all these virtues is already employed at home looking after our children, I was brought up sharply by: "In short we are looking for representative Canadians".

It doesn't leave an unrepresentative Canadian much to say, somehow, except that it seems a shame to waste these boys on a lot of foreigners. They should be set to work in all the domestic branches of the government, selling External's bracing views on representative Canadians as widely as possible. With any breaks at all we should soon be able to do without government entirely.

In the meantime, I see by External's reports that representative Canadians who have already made the grade use terms like "infrastructure".

•

Batoche, 70 Years After

Perspective turned around for the old Métis;
As in a Grandma Moses, far
Was near. Remembering with that increase,
He saw the land south of Prince Albert flare
As the Winnipeg Field Battery opened fire
On the village of Batoche and him. The charge
By a mile of skirmishers came enormously on
Through the bush that afternoon in May to change
Affairs along the South Saskatchewan.

An heir of coureurs de bois, the ancient man
Dying in the Hotel Dieu at Montreal,
Reached back to those who measured life by the moon
And, masters of river-carry and forest, called
The arc of a continent theirs. To earth at last
In a timbered gun pit at a river bend,
The old man could remember that at least
He took good aim before his powder burned.

More die than people when old people die
And tethered years wrench loose;
Few now can feel the rebel side of the day
At long-ago Batoche — dull anger's taste
Or how in a Western breeze the wide land tossed.

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Television

The Doctor's Dilemma

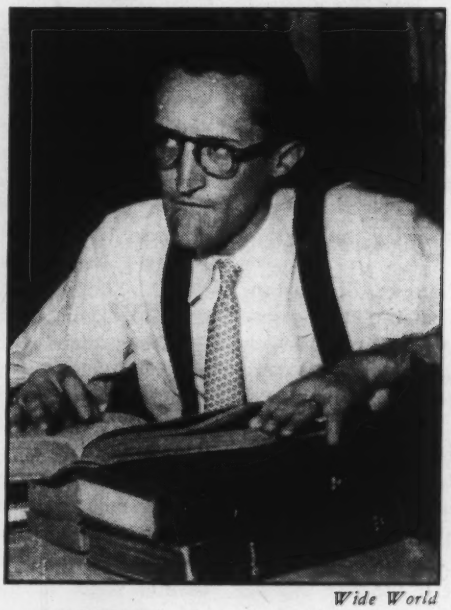
By Hugh Garner

SINCE THE pseudo-documentary play was brought to prominence on radio and TV by "Dragnet", all the professions, with the possible exception of undertaking, have jumped into the act. It needs a quick hand on the dials these nights to avoid tuning in on "actual stories" about bankers, nurses, district attorneys, detectives, ministers, newspapermen and social workers. Each of these occupations portrays its hazards in documentary form, "although the names have been changed to protect the innocent", etc. And, we might add, to keep the networks from being sued.

One of the more prominent of these half-hour shows is "Medic", which is broadcast weekly over the NBC network every Monday evening at 9.00, and repeated, via kinescope film, on the CBC Wednesday evening at 10.00.

"Medic" takes the viewer on a hypochondriac's hayride through the wards and operating rooms of a big city hospital, showing the treatment, medical, surgical and social, of the patients placed under the kinescope. Up to now, television's hospital buffs have had bedside and operating-table seats from which to watch a female alcoholic, a breakout of bubonic plague, a corneal transplant, the labor of a girl having an illegitimate baby, an operation for otosclerosis, a neuro-surgery, a young girl suffering from cancer, treatment of the injured following a car accident, and many other scenes dear to neurotics, Nosy Parkers, incurable hospital visitors, and professional accident viewers.

The aim of "Medic", other than adverising the products of the Dow Chemical Co., is to bring to the public various facts about injury and disease, and about their treatment and cure. The aim is a fine one, but the results may be something else again. The program has been criticized on two counts: that it caters to sensation-hungry neurotics, and that many of its cases are merely soap-opera themes with an added whiff of ether. One of its problems, which cannot be cured by either antibiotics or neuro-surgery, is its spot on Monday night opposite CBS's popular "I Love Lucy", and by opposition furnished its screening on the Canadian network on Wednesday nights by "This Is Your Life" over NBC, and the boxing bouts over CBS. The concurrent showing of "Medic" and the boxing bouts must be responsible for many cases of schizophrenia among those who love their mayhem raw.



Wide World
JIM MOSER: No man to shirk duty.

"Medic" is a brainchild and meal ticket of a man named Jim Moser, who was one of the original "Dragnet" writers, and the man responsible for the "Dragnet" format. Moser, a serious-minded young man according to the network publicists, left "Dragnet" two years ago to devote his entire time to "Medic". These two years were spent virtually living at the Los Angeles County General Hospital, gathering material, and, no doubt, getting in everybody's way. It took Moser nine months to sell the County Medical Association on lending its official support to the show, which is the same length of time it took one of his subjects to make up her mind to stagger into a hospital for treatment of what used to be called "an interesting condition". Despite her lack of pre-natal care, the girl gave birth to her baby, and in Moser's own words about the County Medical Association's response, "Once they were sold, they stayed sold. They've co-operated all the way."

NBC, after trying out a radio version of "Medic" called "The Doctor" in the summer of 1951 for one show, turned the idea down for television. Then Young Doctor Kildare in the person of Worthington Miner, whose job it was to create new shows, persuaded the network to spend $25,000 on a pilot film. NBC liked this, and showed it to Dow Chemical, which

bought it. Moser, who looks a little like Robert Q. Lewis, is no man to shirk his duty when it comes to getting realism into his show. He once wore a hearing aid for half a day for a script on deafness and spent time in an iron lung while writing about polio. On the very first show a young mother died of leukemia while giving birth to her baby. The birth itself was shown, and Moser says, "We had to shoot six different deliveries before we got a baby that cried on cue".

Richard Boone, who often plays a doctor in the series, gives a good portrayal of a harassed hospital physician and surgeon, but only appears in about a third of the films. "There will be no 'Dr. Friday'," says Moser, remembering Jack Webb as Sergeant Friday during his "Dragnet" days. The program has no single character running through it; instead, medicine is the personality. Besides the many doctor-patient dramas, about two of every thirteen programs deal with historical subjects, such as the medical treatment given to Abraham Lincoln following his shooting by John Wilkes Booth.

Our personal criticism of the show is that a half-hour is too short for the presentation of enough detail about a case, and the programs we have seen have been over almost before we had chance to compare our own symptoms with those of the patient. As somebody once said, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," and here we are left with a syndrome that might turn out to be anything from leukemia to otosclerosis, but which, we feel sure, is something horrible that even "Medic" won't tackle over the networks.

We agree also with those critics who claim that the program often becomes as maudlin as the soapiest detergent-opera perpetrated. Will the errant lover marry the pregnant girl? Will the mother lose her craving for alcohol and go back to her neglected children? Will the corneal transplant be successful? Has the plague been successfully stamped out? Those questions will never be answered by "Medic" as they are by the suds-serials. Give us a sustained note on the organ, Joe! A long note in a minor key.

•

South Wind

The clouds are echelons of dream
Across the moon's pale jealousy;
Shadows are bated breaths swaying down
the wind,
Touching flecked desire in dark air bruised
with sea;
A whispered and relentless will shall
come
And shall fulfil this singing, passionate
night,
And in dawn's dissolving gray
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Books

Decisions of a Constant Weeder

By Robertson Davies

INEVITABLY, in the course of my work, I collect a large number of books. By no means all of these, I hasten to say, are the volumes which publishers send to me for review; many are volumes which I buy myself. Books are my addiction. What drink or women are to other dissolute men, books are to me. Let my wife be prematurely broken under a load of care, let my children go hungry and in rags, books I must and will have. Consequently my house is continually filling up with books, and when I have read them I have to get rid of them, as drunkards get rid of their empty bottles. I am continually weeding out my library. The Constant Reader must also be a Constant Weeder, or his house becomes unbearable. This last week I have been weeding, and I hope that my readers may find my weeding as instructive as I have found it myself.

Let me say at once that it goes against the grain with me to throw out any book. But, since some books must go, which are they to be? I do not sell old books; I give them to worthy causes, and I consider it a point of reviewer's ethics not to get rid of a book until it is at least five years old. It is not part of my intention to do the publisher and the bookseller out of a sale. Consequently, I have heaps of mouldering best-sellers, of out-of-date popular philosophy, of the autobiographies of fading personalities. What shall go and what shall I keep? For such a confirmed hoarder and bibliophile as I the question is never an easy one.

The test eventually becomes: will I ever read this book again? Some very good books fail to pass that test. Consider, for instance, *Islandia*, by Austin Tappan Wright, which appeared in 1942; it is a remarkable work of fantasy, the dream-world of an imaginative and gifted writer; there is just a chance that it might become a minor classic of its curious genre. But I cannot keep it if I am also to keep Mervyn Peake's two novels, *Titus Groan* and *Gormenghast*, which date from 1946 and 1950 respectively; I regard them, with all their faults, as the two most remarkable works of imaginative fiction produced since the war. They are not everybody's taste; it requires a certain tooth-gritting determination to get through them. But they are true works of fantasy; they create and maintain an entirely artificial world in a way that, for instance, Professor Tolkein's much-praised *The Fellowship of the Ring* does not. Incidentally, have you ever observed that these works of fantasy rarely have any hint of sex in them? Presumably they are, themselves, substitutes for sexual experience.

Shall I keep *The Fountainhead*, by Ayn Rand? No; dark and brooding and powerful though it is, and eloquent in its defense of the gifted individual against the Common Man, there is a background of dowdy intellectual fascism to the book which will keep me from ever reading it again. Nor do I want *The Gathering Storm* by Winston Churchill; my admiration of the statesman cannot reconcile me to the pseudo-Gibbonian, wooden thunder of the writer. Nor shall I ever again peep inside the covers of *The 25th Hour*, by Virgil Gheorgiu, which caused such a sensation in 1950; in the French translation alone it sold 350,000 copies. But I do not like books which trot out a succession of horrors in order to convince me that war is evil; such books pander to the sadist in us all, and they are not works of art. Into the dust-bin with it! And I am not likely to re-read *The Passionate Witch*, the last work of Thorne Smith, which Norman Matson completed for him in 1941; I like a volume of pornography as well as most people, but Smith laid it on with too heavy a hand. Away it goes!

Painting by Colin Colahan

ROBERT GRAVES: Best living writer of historical novels.

I shall not part, however, with *Hercules My Shipmate* (1945) or *King Jesus* (1946) by Robert Graves, for they are books which I hope to read again more than once. Graves is still, I think, the best living writer of historical novels, though of late years some very fine writers have challenged his supremacy in this field. It is not only his deep and curious scholarship which gives him his mastery in that realm, but his understanding of human nature and his sympathy with the past. To write an historical novel it is not enough to put modern men and women (usually with all the characteristics of Protestant Middle Western Americans) into fancy dress; on the contrary, this sort of writing depends on a stripping-down process, rather than on mere dressing-up. Graves has rivals, but no masters in the historical novel as yet.

Nor shall I part with *The Root and the Flower* by L. H. Myers, for I am assured that it is one of the great novels of our time. Like most people who read a good deal, I have many books on my shelf which I shall read when the psychologically right moment arrives, and which, meanwhile, I keep in reserve. This one is what is called a philosophical novel, and the 950 pages of the 1947 edition will take time to peruse: but I shall get around to it at last.

Neither have I any intention of getting rid of *Clochemerle* or *Sainte-Colline* by Gabriel Chevallier; these wickedly funny books have both delighted me twice already, and my appetite for them is still unsatisfied. They are not books for your old Auntie Bessie, but if you have a taste for ribald fun I recommend them to you heartily. And I shall keep my copy of *Memoirs of Hecate County*, which I had to buy on the sly when it was denied entrance to this country. It is not Edmund Wilson at his best; he has little aptitude for fiction; but I shall cling to it in defiance of Canada's underhand, unacknowledged censorship, which presumes to tell us what we may and may not read.

Nothing will induce me to part with my copies of the novels of Gwyn Thomas, who is one of the most original comic writers in English now living. In the first one, *The Dark Philosophers*, he was trying to write like other men—to write a novel that the critics would like. But in *The World Cannot Hear You*, in *Now Lead Us Home*, in *A Frost on My Frolic*, he had found himself, and was content to burden his weak-kneed plots with his magnificent comic invention and intoxicated rhetoric, producing books which are a delight.

Am I perverse to hang onto all the works of John Cowper Powys, while throwing out all those of Charles Morgan? No; I don't think so. Like both of these gentlemen I have a strong strain of Welsh in me, and I think I can distinguish the fake Welsh rhetoric of Morgan, and

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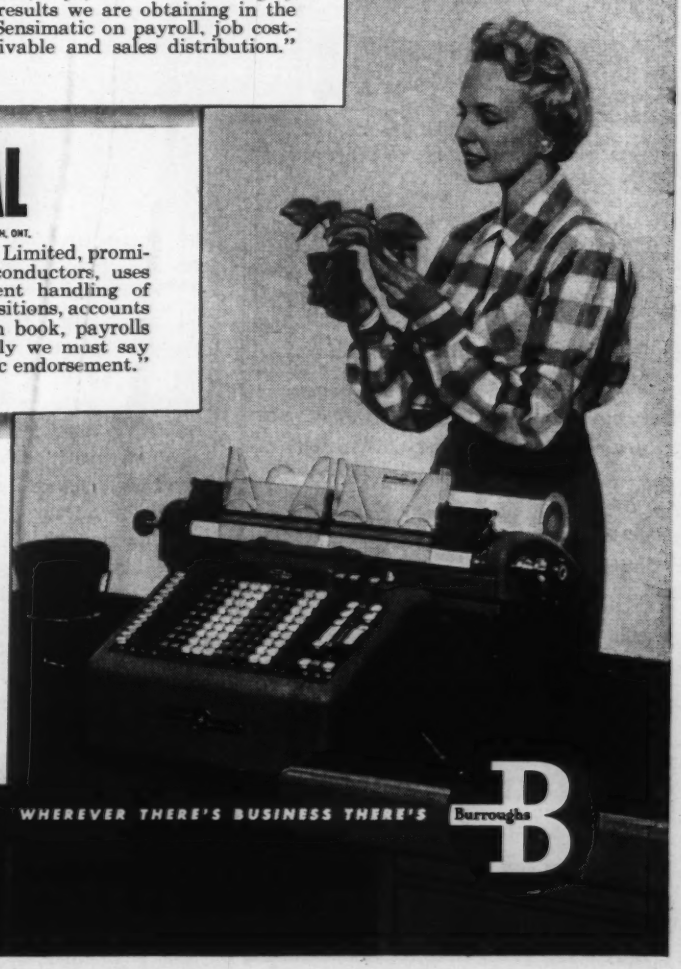

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the mushy mysticism which it encloses, from the true poetry of Powys. J. C. Powys is a writer of much greater stature than critics in general are prepared to acknowledge nowadays, though quite recently I saw a most generous appreciation of his work by J. B. Priestley. His books are monoliths of prose, and it is easy enough to make fun of them if one considers them in parts; but their total effect is always staggering to me. The *Glastonbury Romance* alone would mark him as a man of peculiar and intense power, and second to this I think that *Maiden Castle* deserves more attention than it has ever received. Like Graves, Powys is a man who brings a poet's imagination and intuition to the writing of novels.

It would be out of the question for me to tell in detail of my weeding. But I can assure you that it is a salutary and revealing process, this business of deciding what you want to keep from the bookish accumulation of a decade. The admired best-seller of ten years ago may seem as faded as the cheap colors of its binding-cloth; or it may, on the contrary, have grown in your imagination until you cannot bear to part with it. It is only when you hold it in your hand, deciding its fate, that you know.

The quickest faders, always, are the how-to books, and in particular those which tell you how to have all the attributes of a philosopher while remaining your own stupid self; or how to have the inner peace of a saint while continuing to live an utterly worldly life. These, I find, never survive the Constant Weeder's hand.

In Brief

LADY BULLFIGHTER—by Patricia McCormick—pp. 209 with drawings by the author and photographs—McLeod—*$4.75.*

"I never pray for protection in any form for myself. That is my responsibility. . . All I ask of the Virgin is that she will be with me. . . I have to fight as well as I can." These words from an American girl's account of her days as a bullfighter reveal her courage, religiosity and independence; they merely hint at her fierce passion for risking death at the *corrida,* the running of the bulls.

This young woman who is still in her twenties has had an absorbing interest in the Brave Festival since early childhood. Instead of playing with dolls she was caping with a blanket, and when she was studying art at a Texas college the question was not the usual one of how to meet a man, but how to meet a bull. Her chance came in the stockyards of Juarez, across the border in Mexico. There she passed a steer—*torero* language for turning the bull aside with a cape—and was dedicated to becoming a matadora.

One expects some flamboyance in the autobiography of a bullfighter, especially a lady bullfighter. Instead we are given a straight humorless narrative without so much as a tremor of the terror and fascination the author refers to so often.

Miss McCormick's drawings are fine, if joyless. They suggest that when she forsakes the sword she might profitably take up the pencil again.

I MARRIED THE KLONDIKE—by Laura Beatrice Berton—pp. 269 — Photographs — *Little, Brown—$4.50.*

"Dawson is dying," they told a young Toronto schoolteacher in 1907 when she proposed going to the Klondike for a year. But she went anyway, married—and stayed twenty-five years. This is her story, and a rich and colorful one it is.

It was true that people were leaving the Klondike. The big gold strikes had been made, hotels and houses were boarded up, the dance-hall era was at an end. But there were still ten thousand men and women there when the new teacher arrived, all hoping for another boom. They made up what must surely have been the most astonishing social group on earth; fabulous people in a fabulous setting, and Mrs. Berton has done well by both.

Dozens of gay and grisly personal anecdotes are balanced by vivid description of the country. The author has unobtrusively given her readers a tremendous amount of information about the natural history of the Yukon and at the same time has answered practical questions about living — and dying — in a frozen land.

Altogether an absorbing and fascinating book and a welcome addition to the social history of Canada. R. M. T.

IMMORTAL ROCK — by Laura Goodman Salverson — pp. 267 — *Ryerson* — $3.50.

The rock which gives this historical novel its name is the Kensington Stone, that disputed relic of a mid-fourteenth-century expedition which, blessed by Pope and King, was intended to restore the Christian faith in Greenland. The Norse noblemen may have penetrated this continent from Hudson's Bay as far south as Minnesota.

That the final Christian significance of the rock did not obscure its importance as a heathen symbol enriches this story of conflict among Christians, sceptics and heathens. The story rays out from this stone on which the record in runes is almost completed the eve of the final Norse stand against the Indians.

This novel is further proof that its author ranks high among present writers of historical fiction for integrity of purpose, excellence of characterization, and richness of style. Balance between mediaeval and modern is often less than perfect, but the imaginative conception is vivid and engaging. M. A. H.

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The Invisible Writing: Second Honeymoon

By ARTHUR KOESTLER: PART IV

THE FIRST LAP of my journey into exile took me in a third-class compartment through Poland and Czechoslovakia to Vienna. It lasted nearly three days. The moment we passed the frontier a magic change of atmosphere had taken place. The station buffets were piled with foodstuffs I had not seen for a year—sandwiches with cheese, eggs, sausages and ham; coffee and buns and pastry. There were foreign newspapers, books and magazines on the stalls; the platforms and ticket-windows were no longer battlefields; and, what struck me most, the people in the train all had different personalities instead of being molecules in a grey, amorphous mass. They were mysteriously alive, they were individuals, and some of them, oh wonder, even had dogs. Nobody in Russia kept a dog—but I only noticed that now.

I felt excited like a schoolboy who has escaped from an austere college to a matinée in a circus, and this mood was to prevail for several weeks. It was indeed a childish mood, for from a more adult point of view my prospects were grim. I was now nearly twenty-seven, without a job, without a country, and completely destitute for the second time in my life. The first time this had happened to me was at twenty, when I had run away from home and had nearly starved in Palestine. That had been seven years earlier. Strangely enough, exactly seven years later I was to find myself shipwrecked for yet a third time—in 1940, when Europe foundered and all I could save was a toothbrush and a diary.

To lose one's home, one's hopes and possessions every seven years seems a rather repetitive and humorless type of behavior. Insurance companies call a person with that kind of pattern "accident prone" and regard him, with perfect justification, as a bore and a nuisance. The mitigating factors in my case are that when Hitler took power in 1933, and when he conquered Europe seven years later, the majority of Europeans became accident prone. Anglo-Saxon readers (and critics) often miss this obvious point and, rather flatteringly, regard the misadventures of the chronicler as of his own making, an emanation of his perverse mind.

When I arrived in Vienna, I had not even enough money left to take a taxi. I left my luggage at the station and proceeded by train to the flat of Dr. Hahn, my old friend of the duelling fraternity "Unitas". It was now quite inconceivable to me that I had ever planned to abandon Europe. But though I had only been away for a year, it was also painfully evident that I was returning to a changed continent. The malignant tumor that Germany had become, was eating into Europe's living tissue, destroying its human substance. The fall of Austria lay still five years ahead in the future, and was accordingly unimaginable; but parliamentary rule and the freedom of the Press had already been strangled by Dollfuss, the bigoted dwarf-dictator.

Everywhere in Vienna I felt the same uncertainty and nervous tension, the same foreboding of doom that had haunted me during the last pre-Hitler summer in Berlin.

I felt that Vienna was doomed. But at that time I still believed that the Communist revolution would eventually resurrect it.

Before continuing my journey to Paris, I wanted to visit my parents in Budapest. With my remaining rubles I had bought in Moscow a ring with a diminutive diamond stone, which was now my only capital. I sold it in Vienna for a sum which just paid for my return ticket to Budapest, and a few days' living. That was all I needed for the moment, as my railway ticket from Moscow to Paris via Vienna was still valid.

I left for Paris in September, 1933, a short time after my twenty-eighth birthday.

The next three years, from the autumn of 1933 to the autumn of 1936, were for me years of extreme poverty and hectic political activity. They were the years of the great anti-Fascist crusade which, with drums and fanfares, advanced from defeat to defeat.

Miller

GOEBBELS: Medicine man.

Fred Stein

MUENZENBERG: Puppeteer.

As if acting under a curse, the various nations and political parties, Right and Left, however opposed their policies were in other respects, seemed to collaborate to bring about Europe's destruction. The attitude of the Conservative forces ranged from inane misconceptions of the nature of Hitler's régime to passive sympathy and active complicity. The various Socialist and Labor parties indulged in rhetorical denunciations of the Fascist danger, and did everything in their power to prevent their countries from arming against it. The Communists exploited the anti-Fascist movement for their own purposes and wound it up with a staggering betrayal. It looked as if they were all partners in a secret European suicide pact.

Against this nightmare background, my doubts and misgivings about Russia paled to insignificance. When you march in a crusade, even in a losing crusade, you are not in a mood for reflection. Reflection only set in some three years later, when the Russian purges began to assume the proportions of mass terror.

I arrived in Paris in the middle of the Reichstag Fire Trial, which was holding Europe spellbound. The day after my arrival I met for the first time Willy Muenzenberg, Western Propaganda Chief of the Comintern. The same day I started work at his headquarters, and thus became a minor participant in the great propaganda battle between Berlin and Moscow.

The object of the two contestants was to prove that it was the other who had set fire to the German Parliament. The world watched the spectacle with fascination, and with as little understanding of its true meaning as small children have when

they watch a complicated thriller on the screen. For the world was not yet accustomed to the stage-effects, the fantastic swindles and cloak-and-dagger methods of totalitarian propaganda. And in this case there was not one producer of the show, as later in the Moscow trials, but two, who played out their tricks against each other like rival medicine men before the assembled tribe.

The two medicine men were Dr. Joseph Goebbels and Willy Muenzenberg; but few knew at the time, and know to this day, of the existence of the second. The world thought that it was witnessing a classic struggle between truth and falsehood, guilt and innocence. In reality both parties were guilty, though not of the crimes of which they accused each other. Both were lying.

When I joined the battle, the first round had already been won; the Nazis were on the defensive.

Willy was the grey eminence and invisible organizer of the anti-Fascist world crusade. He had escaped from Germany on the night of the fire, had set up his headquarters in Paris and started his campaign.

First, he founded the "World Committee for the Relief of the Victims of German Fascism", with branches all over Europe and America. It was camouflaged as a philanthropic organization, and had in every country a panel of highly respectable people, from English duchesses to American columnists and French savants.

This World Committee, with its galaxy of international celebrities, became the hub of the crusade. Great care was taken that no Communist—except for a few internationally known names, such as Henri Barbusse and J. B. S. Haldane—should be connected in public with the Committee. But the Paris Secretariat which was running the Committee, was a purely Communist caucus, headed by Muenzenberg, and controlled by the Comintern.

Next, he founded his own publishing house in Paris—"Editions du Carrefour"—and set his staff to compile the famous first *Brown Book of the Hitler Terror and the Burning of the Reichstag*. The *Brown Book* probably had the strongest political impact of any pamphlet since Tom Paine's *Common Sense*.

It was published anonymously. The front page said: *"Prepared by the World Committee for the Relief of the Victims of German Fascism, with an introduction by Lord Marley"*. The book contained the first comprehensive report on the German concentration camps (including statistics and lists of victims), on the persecution of Jews, the repression of literature, and other aspects of the terror. The documentation had been assembled by the Comintern's Intelligence *apparat*. The *Brown Book* further contained the "complete inside story" of the fire, starting with a detailed biography of Lubbe, unearthed by the *apparat* in Holland, his contacts with

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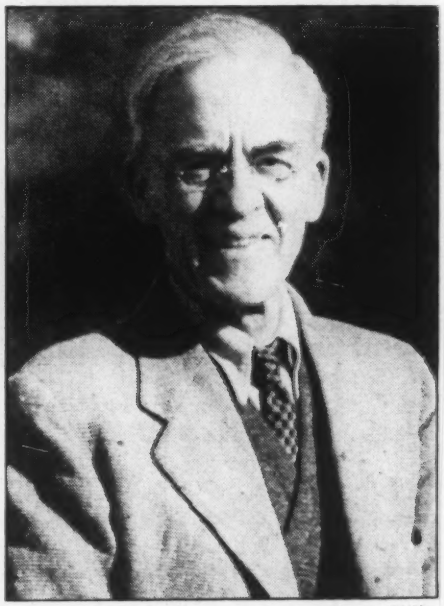
the homosexual circles around the Leader of the Brownshirts, Captain Roehm, and ending with a convincing description of how the incendiaries penetrated into the Reichstag.

All this was based on isolated scraps of information, deduction, guesswork, and brazen bluff. But it went straight to the target. Within a few weeks, the *Brown Book* was translated into seventeen languages and circulated in millions of copies. It became the bible of the anti-Fascist crusade.

The anonymous author of the *Brown Book* was Muenzenberg's chief lieutenant, Otto Katz, alias André Simon—who was to be hanged as one of the accused in the Slansky trial in 1952.

While the *Brown Book* was being prepared, Muenzenberg branched out into



Miller

CRIPPS: A shadow-trial.

other activities. Always under cover of the philanthropic "World Committee for Relief," he and Katz organized the "Committee of Inquiry into the Origins of the Reichstag Trial". It was composed of lawyers of different nationalities and of international repute, among them the former Italian Prime Minister Francesco Nitti; the son of the former Swedish Prime Minister, Senator George Branting; Counsel for the defence of Sacco and Vanzetti, Arthur Garfield Hayes; *maîtres* Moro Giaffery and Gaston Bergery, France; D. N. Pritt, England, and others. On September 14th, 1933, the first public session of the Committee of Inquiry was opened in the courtroom of the Law Society of London, by Sir Stafford Cripps. The Committee cross-examined witnesses, sifted evidence, and acted in fact as "an unofficial tribunal whose mandate was conferred by the conscience of the world"—as Katz, the invisible organizer of the Committee, wrote in the *Second Brown Book*. The proceedings of the Committee came to be known as the "Counter Trial". A public shadow-trial

of this kind was a novelty for the West and gained worldwide publicity.

The verdict in the Counter Trial, which found the Communists innocent and the Nazis guilty, was announced in Caxton Hall, London, on September 20th—the day before the real trial opened before the Supreme Court of Germany at Leipzig. Thus, thanks to Muenzenberg's genius, the Nazis were from the very beginning put on the defensive.

In the Comintern hierarchy Willy occupied an exceptional position, and this for two reasons. First he was not a politician but a propagandist, not a "theoretician" but an "activist". He took no part in the battles between factions which, every two years or so, produced a devastating earthquake in the Communist universe.

Secondly, Willy was the head of a worldwide and powerful organization, the "International Workers' Aid" (IWA), known in Party slang as "the Muenzenberg Trust". The IWA was run by Moscow as an autonomous body, and not subject to the control of the local Communist Parties.

Willy had founded his famous Trust in September, 1921 in Berlin. The original idea was famine-relief, and in the first two years some fifty shiploads of goods of all sorts, from drugs to trucks and sewing machines, were in fact collected and sent to Russia by the IWA. The quantity and the miscellaneous composition of these goods did not mean much to a starving country the size of Russia, but their indirect propaganda value was incalculable. Muenzenberg had hit on a new technique in mass propaganda, based on a simple observation: if a person gives money to a cause, he becomes emotionally involved in that cause.

The "International Workers' Aid", like its successor the "World Committee", soon branched into activities which had little or nothing to do with the original philanthropic purpose. The mobile canteens and soup-kitchens which the IWA had organized in famine-stricken Russia made their appearance during the following years in the working-class quarters of countries torn by social strife: in the Germany of the inflation years, in Japan during the 1925 strikes, in England during the 1926 General Strike. Out of the pamphlets issued in support of the relief campaign, grew the Trust's own publishing firms, its book clubs, and a multitude of magazines and newspapers. In Japan, to quote a remote country as an example, the Trust directly or indirectly controlled nineteen magazines and newspapers.

This is the fourth of seven excerpts from "The Invisible Writing" by Arthur Koestler. This material is reprinted by permission of the copyright owner, Mr. Koestler, and his publishers, The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited, Toronto, and The Macmillan Company, New York.

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Films

Coney Island Idyll

By Mary Lowrey Ross

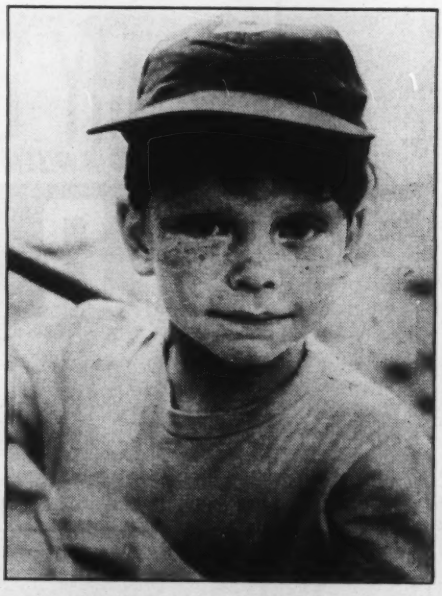
FOR MANY YEARS Hollywood did a thorough job of de-naturing children for the entertainment of adults. The moment a child strayed within range of a camera he came under a spell, the awful spell of the adult imagination. He strutted and gabbled lines. He picked up disconcerting tricks of timing and gesture and capitalized greedily on every childhood oddity — the squeak in the voice, the unmanageable cowlick, the missing milk teeth. As far as possible he accommodated himself to the picture of the Typical American Kid, a prodigy created by adults who apparently had never encountered a child except in pictures, or even by adults who had never seen a child at all but had merely heard them laughingly described by other adults.

European directors rarely make this mistake. Europeans have been living with children for thousands of years, and have learned to accept them on their own terms —wise, careless, alert and oblivious, and trailing clouds of glory as they come. Armed with this foreknowledge, the European, and particularly the English director, avoids as far as possible the error of trapping his child-star in those moments of self-awareness that spell the end of childhood. He knows that, if he is to present his young actor faithfully, he must leave him free to present himself, and in the meantime handle his camera as cautiously and secretively as a big-game hunter operating from behind a blind.

The Little Fugitive, fortunately, is one of the rare American films that approach a child's world with a perception and delight borrowed almost entirely from the child himself. The child in this case is Richie Andrusco, a seven-year-old Brooklynite discovered on Coney Island, after a month's patient stalking by a trio of independent producers. He was taken from a merry-go-round, placed on twenty-four hours' notice in the role of the runaway Joey, and then left largely to his own devices in the awful wonderland of Coney Island. The result is a picture of childhood that seems, in contrast to most of its predecessors, as fresh and lyrical as a young spring morning.

Joey's day on Coney Island is a staggering one. He rides the merry-go-rounds, the whirlaways, and the ponies, burrows through picnic parties, whams at mechanically directed baseballs with a bat of dislocating size, crams himself with every midway indigestible and then salvages pop bottles to cram himself again. Everywhere he goes, the ambushed camera spies on his candid seven-year-old face and tracks him in his aimless flight from the fear that only occasionally catches up with him. He is funny and wonderful, no more aware than a lost puppy of either his predicament or his charm.

Richie's future as a child star is probably beset with hazards. For the present, luckily, he is in the best of hands.



RICHIE ANDRUSCO: Fresh and lyrical.

Athena is a large, brightly colored spoof of American food and body-building cults. Setting out to satirize the great Bernarr McFadden legend, it succeeds as well as possible within the limits of its material. If it falls short occasionally, it is because the muscle-building and nutburger cult has always parodied itself beyond the reach of imitators.

The film presents a family of seven beautiful sisters, who have dedicated their lives to the fight against acidosis. They live with Grandpa (Louis Calhern) on a California health farm, but make occasional forays into town to spread the gospel of numerology and wheat-germ. Presently two of the seven, Athena and Minerva (Jane Powell and Debbie Reynolds), become involved with a pair of non-vegetarians (Vic Damone and Edmund Purdom). Athena's admirer is all manner, Minerva's is all charm and they haven't an ounce of muscle between them. So romance follows a predictable course, to the tune of a number of songs that go in one ear and right out the other. *Athena* is one of Producer Joe Pasternak's California sunkist products.

Columbia

ALEC GUINNESS as Father Brown.

Father Brown, Detective, seems almost as destitute of production as a Japanese *No* drama. But it has a fresh and lively quality that is completely lacking in cinemascopic pageantry, and thanks to this and to Alec Guinness it is a minor pleasure to watch.

Mr. Guinness is cast as Father Brown and, while his performance tends to puckishness, it is entirely in line with the intentions of that vast Puck, G. K. Chesterton, who originated character and story. Actor Guinness is assisted by Joan Greenwood, who plays one of Father Brown's wealthy parishioners with a good deal of grace and charm. It is a completely unpretentious film and it made a welcome breather.

The Purple Plain presents Gregory Peck in one of those overwrought roles that his producers seem to feel best adapted to his nervous good looks. Actor Peck is cast here as a Canadian air pilot who is sent to Burma in World War II, without apparently any preliminary examination by a military psychiatrist. He is a gloomy, reckless character given to fits of somnambulism and rude behavior, until he meets up with Anna, a beautiful Burmese girl who turns out to be an angel of therapy. His manners improve, his nerves steady, and when his plane cracks up in the Burmese badlands, he is able to perform prodigies of endurance before he gets back to safety. It is a prolonged and strenuous operation, and may leave you limp with exhaustion rather than excitement before it is over.

Anna is played by Miss Win Min

Than, a young Burmese actress, with considerable charm, but a rather odd addiction to triple-sheer nylon for hard work. The outdoor scenes were shot in jungle areas and present a menacing landscape photographed in a wide range of malignant greens. Obviously not a country to get trapped in, even with Gregory Peck to get you out.

There's No Business Like Show Business, an Irving Berlin musical, provides just enough continuity to peg out a variety of talents, like washing on a line. The story, such as it is, has to do with the ups and downs of a vaudeville family (Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor and Johnnie Ray), who have dedicated themselves for a quarter of a century to promoting the tunes of Irving Berlin. Most of the tunes are fine, and so is the singing, especially when led by Ethel Merman in full cry. Unluckily, someone had the notion of casting Johnnie Ray as a priest and then letting him loose at the top of his hysterical powers with an inspirational hymn. It was a great relief to get back to the secular Miss Merman and Alexander's Ragtime Band.

Young At Heart is a remake of *Four Daughters,* an affectionate story modelled on Louisa Alcott lines but heightened by emotional overtones that Miss Alcott could never have brought herself to consider. This time there are only three daughters and all three fall in love simultaneously with a popular composer (Gig Young). Doris Day, the youngest, secures him in no time, then bolts right off to elope with an ominous bar-room pianist (Frank Sinatra), because she feels she should have left the composer to her sister. The pianist feels, of course, that he should have left his bride to the composer, and there are some prolonged emotional spasms, including an attempted suicide, before all three daughters and their various spouses gather happily round the piano again for a family singsong.

Fortunately, the film is distinguished by the presence of Ethel Barrymore, who has seldom been wryer or more regal. It is considerably helped, too, by Frank Sinatra, who manages to give style, if not sense, to some remarkably foolish dialogue.

The Belles of St. Trinian's has to do with an English girls' school whose motto is *In Flagrante Delicto* and whose pupils live loyally up to the slogan of their alma mater.

Some very funny moments emerge above the incessant soprano din, thanks largely to Alastair Sim, who is cast simultaneously as a pious bookie, and the headmistress of St. Trinian's. It is impossible to get too much of the inimitable Mr. Sim.

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ASSETS $136,097,000
AN INCREASE OF OVER $8,900,000

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55-C

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Dividend No. 270

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of THIRTY-SEVEN AND ONE-HALF CENTS per share for the current quarter upon the outstanding capital stock of this bank be and the same is hereby declared payable at the bank and its branches on and after TUESDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF MARCH, 1955, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31ST DAY OF JANUARY, 1955, shares not fully paid for by the 1ST DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1954, to rank for the purpose of the said dividend to the extent of the payments made on the said shares and from the dates of the respective payments.

T. H. ATKINSON,
General Manager

Montreal, Que., January 18, 1955.

Give to the
CANADIAN
MARCH
OF DIMES

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

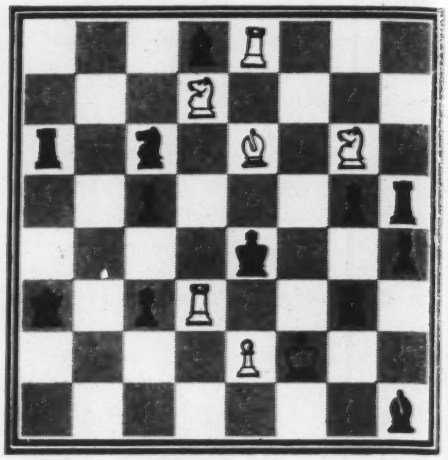
MR. E. NARROWAY favors us with another good original in No. 104 below. It has a surprise key-move, two nice self-interferences and a self-block.

In the matter of Pawn self-interferences, the chances are naturally restricted. By *en passant* capture, they are a little curious. A double by F. von Wardener is: White: K on QKt3; Q on K4; Kts on K7 and KR7; Ps on KB6 and KKt2. Black: K on KR3; Bs on K8 and KKt1; Ps on K3, KB2, KB5 and KR5. Mate in two. Key 1.P-Kt4.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 103.

1.P-Kt7, threat; 2.Kt-Kt6ch, etc. 1.P-Kt7, R-Q5 or Kt7; 2.Q-R4, etc. 1.P-Kt7, R-B5 or Kt6; 2.QxRP, etc. 1.P-Kt7, R-K5 or Kt8; 2.R-B8, etc. 1.P-Kt7, B-Kt8; 2.QxBP, etc.

PROBLEM NO. 104, by E. Narroway.
Port Alberni, BC.
Black—Twelve Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.

White mates in two.

• •

Mum's the Word

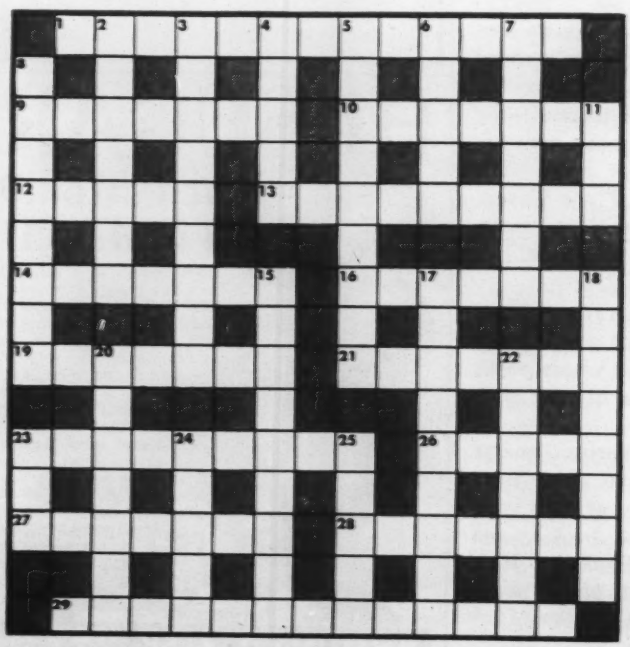
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Responsible for "The Birth of a Nation"? (6,7)
9. Apparently Hercules had a clean ma. (7)
10. Squash mother! (7)
12. Yes! Join the Royal Navy! (5)
13. A concoction of red rum and gin could be doing this to many a constitution. (9)
14. Takes away bad cuts. (7)
16. Result of a frozen main? (7)
19. Native mother starts to lay a nice egg but doesn't finish the job. (7)
21. A mere disturbance has imprisoned a prisoner of war. (7)
23. Impediments of race, perhaps. (9)
26. Rosie in the basket. (5)
27. But "Carmen Jones" hasn't this setting. (7)
28. Question you cannot reply to. (7)
29. Mrs. White, Sr., of early movie days? (6-2-5)

DOWN

2. The first mother fell for one of its products. (7)
3. Color Dan turned to weep? (3,3,3)
4. 29 appears extremely changed with the removal of her pot! (5)
5. Put mother wise when she's not completely herself. (9)
6. Don is a 27 one. (5)
7. Glass eyes aren't, by the sound of it. Understand? (7)
8. Do the very young crop up here to be fostered? (4,4)
11. 10's was boneless. (3)
15. Though in the red, perhaps, definitely not a shady character. (3,6)
17. A pie's gone under cover! (9)
18. Great Dane's mother. (8)
20. Go along way back. (4,3)
22. Brush 'er off, as it were. (7)
23. Most of this is not mother's. (3)
24. They sweep in the money. (5)
25. One pinch and you're out like a light. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Cummerbund
6. Wisp
10. 29, 24A and 11. One good turn deserves another
11. See 10
12. Lifeless
13. Sober
15. Auger
17. Lacerated
19. Tomahawks
21. Taste
23. Ernes
24. See 10
27. Extreme
28. Leaders
29. See 10
30. Amusements

DOWN

1. Crop
2. Meeting
3. Elope
4. Bedfellow
5. Nears
7. Inhabit
8. Partridges
9. Bowsprit
14. Battlement
16. Rehashed
18. Cash sales
20. Monitor
22. Shebeen
24. Dream
25. Realm
26. Asps

(352)

Business

Today's Security Markets Indicate Business Trend

By J. ROSS OBORNE

AN UNPRECEDENTED RISE in both stock and bond markets in 1954 has left all classes of investors with feelings of well-being. Even those who consolidated profits by selling stocks and buying bonds have had the satisfaction at least of seeing their bonds rise in price. This general feeling of well-being, however, is disturbed here and there by doubts about the future. Never have the market analysts sharpened their pencils so carefully as they are doing now. Never were such factors as technological advances, rolling inflation and long-term growth so carefully analysed. There is one simple idea, however, that could explain much of what will happen this year.

The idea evolves from the principle that the Government has found a most effective means of controlling the flow of business. If it is true that such a means exists, then it follows that the whole economy can be speeded up or slowed down at will.

The problem is to keep business from expanding too rapidly at certain periods and from contracting too severely at others. As business cannot expand without the use of money in one form or another and normally contracts because of a lack of it, then the control of business would appear to be directly concerned with this medium. Of most direct concern is what business has to pay to borrow money. Obviously if a business is forced to pay too high a rate of interest in relation to anticipated profit margins, expansion will not take place. Here is the whole crux of the matter. People will borrow money when the rate charged for its use is low and they will cease to borrow it when the rate is high.

That the Government has made full use in "managing" interest rates to influence business is almost an accepted fact. I can quote from an article of mine in the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* of New York, on October 14, 1954:

"This policy of 'managed money' is clearly shown by the actions of the U.S. Government in the last few years. Before the Eisenhower Administration took over, continual controversy existed on the question of whether interest rates should be low or high. One faction favored high interest rates to curb inflation; the other low interest rates because of the cost of carrying the tremendous war debt. Interest rates were low at the time Eisenhower took over. From then on the policy changed. Efforts to curb inflation and make a dollar worth a dollar were resorted to. Interest rates went up and they went up quickly. It took business a little longer to react but, when it did, it showed all the signs of a healthy recession in the offing.

"By June of 1953 rates were the highest in 15 years. By then everyone was worried. England was positive that the U.S. was going to put the whole western world into a major depression. Business outlook was poor, business expansion had slowed down and inventories were high and not moving. Unemployment figures were rising rapidly. The U.S. Government even started to panic. They need not have been too concerned because the method used in raising interest rates to slow the boom could be just as effectively used to start the boom again.

"Before the end of June, 1953, the whole policy of high rates had changed and low rates were on the way again. This policy has continued up to the present time with only recent small interruptions."

Let us keep this idea in the back of our minds and then try to look into the future a little in relation to business and security markets.

There are few predictions that paint a gloomy picture for business in 1955. Almost to a man, economists, business leaders, politicians and analysts give full support to a high level of business activity. Perhaps that is why the bond markets and stock markets are so strong, giving full support also to the future. Let us assume that the prophets are right that business will be good in 1955. Such being the case is it not better for a moment to look at the past instead of into the future? In looking into the past, can we not perhaps find other periods of a high level of business activity? At such periods was it not true that the stock markets were not reflecting such a boom period of business? A study of such periods through the years might reveal a rather odd picture of activity. We might come up with the rather revealing idea that on the average when business activity is high, stock markets are low and when stock markets are high business has been declining.

Perhaps the truth of the matter is as most theories have it, that the market al-

Stock Prices and Business Activity

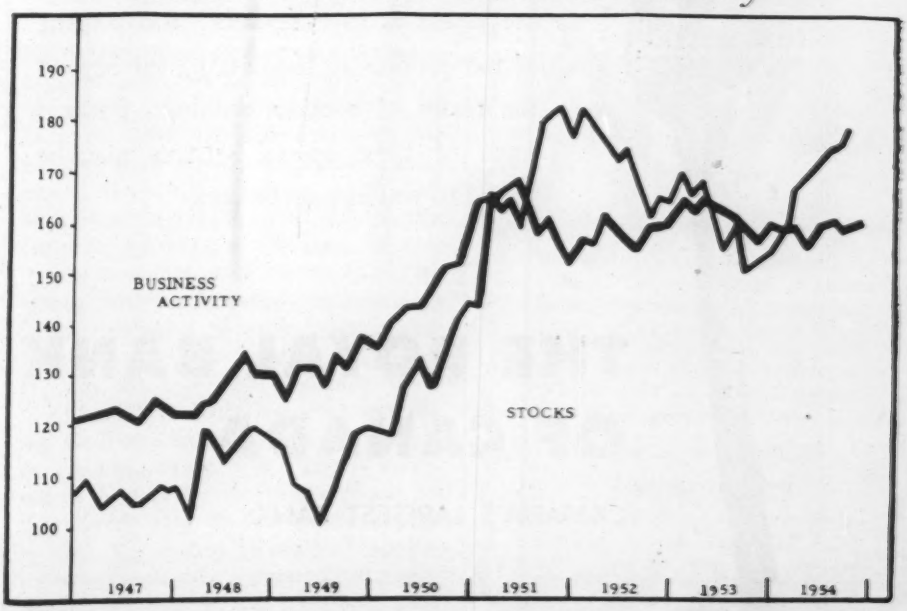
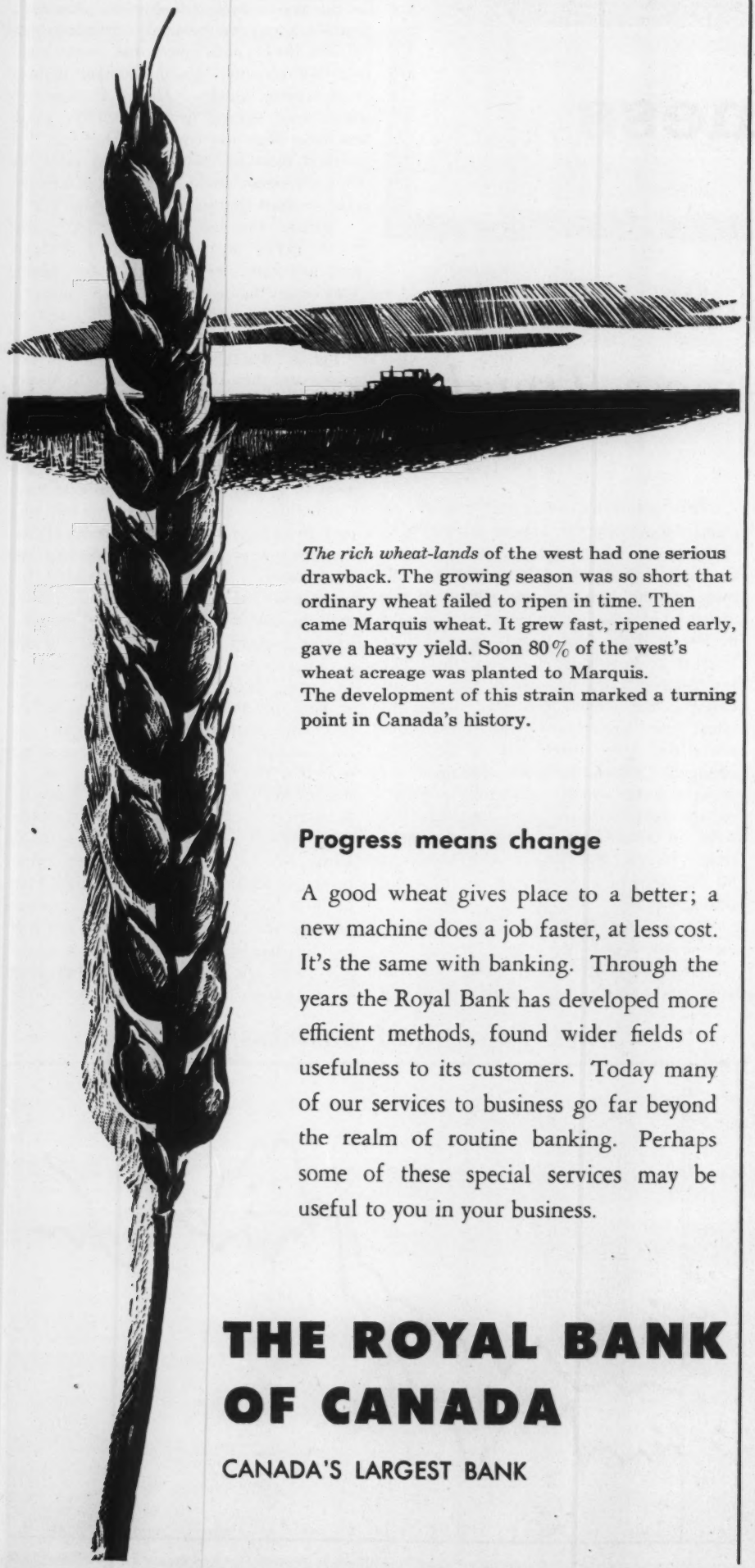


Chart by Ivor Murray



The rich wheat-lands of the west had one serious drawback. The growing season was so short that ordinary wheat failed to ripen in time. Then came Marquis wheat. It grew fast, ripened early, gave a heavy yield. Soon 80% of the west's wheat acreage was planted to Marquis.
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ways predicts in advance. On the other hand, it might be a state of "being" rather than "becoming".

Let us assume that we are at a point when business shows all the signs of a healthy pick-up. A new confidence takes hold of businessmen. They sense that there are bigger profits coming in their business. This is the time to expand. Here again are the 10 per cent to 20 per cent profits in quick turnover. It takes money to expand. It takes money to add to inventory, buy real estate, buy better machines. It takes money to do all the thousands of things that businessmen know how to do to make profits.

Where is the money going to come from? Some of it comes from the bank and from bonds and some of it comes from the stock market. After all, if the businessman is only earning 3 to 5 per cent on his security holdings and he expects to make 10 to 20 per cent in his business, it is rather obvious what his choice will be.

Could it be that as far as the security markets are concerned such a withdrawal of funds could be one determining factor in a market fall? Could it be that prospects of good business might actually bring about a decline in the security market?

Suppose we are at a point when business prospects look poor. Would not the well informed businessman draw some of his money out of his business, reduce inventory, sell surpluses and unneeded machinery? In short, would he not do everything in his power to put himself in a liquid position? Money drawn out of business would still seek an earning power, but with liquidity as the main factor. Points of liquidity would be the banks, bonds and stocks, dependent on the degree of safety of principal desired. Here then, when business prospects look poor, is a flow of funds into the security markets. Could this not influence the market rise in security prices in the same way as the withdrawal may have contributed to its fall?

If we tie all these ideas together, we find that they are all part and parcel of the cost of borrowing money. High rates of interest discourage borrowing, business contracts, money comes out of business and goes into the security markets, security prices rise. Low rates of interest encourage borrowing, business expands, money comes out of security markets and goes back into business, security prices drop.

The Government has the effective means through the management of interest rates to make these changes possible. The Government has an acknowledged policy of "levelling out" the bumps and hollows in the economy. We don't have to look very hard to find a rather large "bump".

Who's Who in Business

Traditional Position

By John Irwin

GORDON REGINALD BALL, president and chief executive officer of the Bank of Montreal, the oldest chartered bank in Canada, has been described as "quietly energetic, like a dynamo". It is that "quiet energy" which made him, at the time of his election in 1952, one of the youngest presidents the bank has had. He seems tireless. "We should have 40-hour days instead of 40-hour weeks," he says. His business day starts well before the rush-hour and he spends the time before most of the bank's staff arrive in undisturbed thinking and planning. He is given to daily spells of "heavy" reading and meditation and possesses the Churchillian faculty of "cat-napping" which maintains his enviable physical condition.

GORDON R. BALL

Born in Toronto on August 17, 1897, he left school when World War I broke out and was one of the first to enlist. "The army soon found out I was under age and packed me off home with instructions to return when I was 18." Temporarily estranged from "my first adventure", he started his banking career as a junior in the Merchants Bank of Canada (which amalgamated with the Bank of Montreal in 1922) on the "wonderful salary of $200 a year". On his eighteenth birthday he obeyed orders and within seven weeks was in action on the Western Front with the Canadian Field Artillery. Twice wounded, he still limps. He was awarded the Military Medal for "bravery under fire".

He rejoined the bank in 1919 and in 1924 was transferred to the New York City agency. He was to spend 23 years in that city, being successively manager of the securities department, Third, Second and, finally in 1945, First Agent. He became general manager at Montreal in 1947, director, vice-president and general manager in 1951.

Perhaps his secret of success is getting tough jobs done at high speed. For instance, during World War II, practically overnight he organized and supervised, on behalf of the British Treasury, a department that handled the routine involved in the unpleasant task of liquidating U.S. securities owned by British nationals, to the value of many hundreds of millions of dollars. Another assignment was to act as liaison officer with the Keeper of the Purse during the Royal visit in 1939.

He holds several important directorships in such companies as the Sun Life, International Nickel, Royal Trust, the Steel Company of Canada, the Ogilvie Flour Mills and the Royal-Liverpool Insurance Group.

He controls the $2½ billion assets of the Bank from a quietly but comfortably furnished office at the imposing headquarters in Montreal, but takes every opportunity to travel and assess economic conditions for himself. He has strong and loyal support from the directors and 11,000 employees in 626 branches and subagencies of "My Bank" and of whose knowledge, competence and spirit he "cannot speak too highly".

Despite his heavy business calls, he fulfils the traditional position of a banker in a community, that of leadership and responsibility. He acted as treasurer of the Montreal Joint Hospital Fund—an $18 million giant among Canadian charity drives. He is a Governor of the Welfare Federation Campaign, the Royal Victoria Hospital, the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, and a director of the St. John Ambulance and the Symphony Orchestra.

For recreation he prefers riding (last November during a vacation in Arizona he won his spurs by remaining on a "wild horse" for twenty seconds) and fishing. He is also an enthusiastic photographer. Fond of singing, he was largely instrumental in forming the bank's choral society which gave its first public concert in 1952. For reading he prefers biographies and occasionally a paperbacked "who-dun-it".

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Notice is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of Fifteen cents (15c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "A" Shares of the Company, payable April 1st, 1955, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on February 28th, 1955.

Class "B" Dividend No. 30

Notice is also given that the regular quarterly dividend of Fifteen cents (15c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "B" Shares of the Company, payable April 1st, 1955, to shareholders of record February 28th, 1955.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,

L. R. GRAY
Secretary.

London, Ontario,
January 19th, 1955.

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Waite Amulet

I WOULD *appreciate your comment on Waite Amulet Mines Limited as an investment.—A. S., Oshawa, Ont.*

This company is part of the Noranda Mining empire. Noranda holds 2,240,636 of the 3,300,000 issued share capital.

It operates a producing copper - zinc property near Noranda which is divided into two sections — Waite Amulet and Amulet Dufault. (Waite Amulet owns 93.75 per cent of Amulet Dufault.) The mill has a daily capacity of 1,800 tons.

The semi-annual report, of last July, estimated a net profit of $2,003,000 (61 cents per share) was made in the first half of 1954 and this figure should be increased considerably in the last half of the year due to full production for the period and the increasing demand for metals.

While this operating picture and the dividend of $1.40 presents, at first glance, a good picture for investment, several factors must be considered. Some 75 per cent of the production of the first part of last year came from the East Waite mine, which was brought into production in April of 1952. The excellent earnings and dividends of the past few years are mainly due to the fact that under the income tax law this production has been exempt from income tax for a period of three years. As this expires this year, taxes will have a considerable effect in revising earnings downwards. In 1953, for example, $4,620,000 of the net profit of $6,400,766 was paid out in dividends. Thus, taxes pose some threat to the present dividend rate, and while there is the possibility that further means of tax relief may be found, the present dividend cannot be taken for granted for investment purposes.

As a rough contrast, the accounts of Noranda Mines show that $3,053,034 were deducted for taxes from the net earnings of $15,585,171. Depreciation charges, which have been held at a minimum during this tax-free period, will likely be increased to offset liabilities.

The chart pattern of the stock illustrates how the market has been assessing these factors. This section of the chart covers the period from the low of 8¾ made in December, 1953, to the time of writing, except for the current advance to 13¼, which was stimulated by the increase in copper prices.

It shows a very stable price range between 11¼ and 13¼, with supply and demand fairly well in balance. It appears that the distribution of shares purchased at lower prices has effectively held a ceiling on the price movements of the stock. When the elements of doubt in the present situation regarding earnings and dividends are considered, the stock does not appear an attractive purchase here. In fact, it seems more of a sale than a buy.

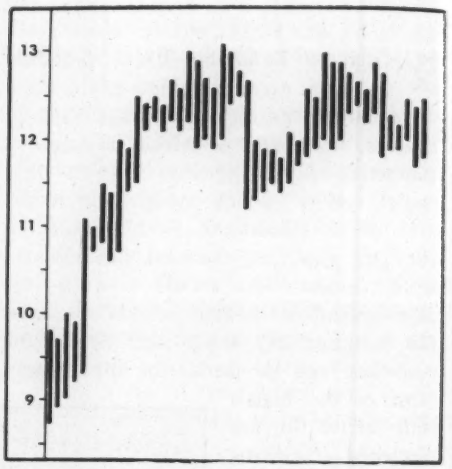

Chart by N. A. de Munnik

Radio Corporation

I WOULD YOU *please state which of Motorola and Radio Corporation of America you consider the better buy for long-term growth as well as assured dividends?—L. K. J., Calgary.*

Both companies are attractive.

Motorola is a much smaller company than RCA and confines itself mainly to all types of radio and television sets and electronic devices, mainly for the Government.

RCA is engaged in all phases of the electronics field, from radio and TV components to broadcasting and telecasting. It owns the National Broadcasting Company and RCA Communications, a world-wide communication system. Much of the company's income is derived from the sublicensing of many patents and the activities of RCA Laboratories, which conduct basic and applied research in the electronics field, can be expected to keep the Corporation ahead in this field.

For long-term growth, RCA appears to be the better selection. A comparison of the price action of the stocks of both companies shows that Motorola has been much more volatile, advancing from a 1954 low of 30¼ to a high of 53⅜. It is currently selling at 49. Radio Corporation advanced from a low of 22½ to a high of 40⅞ and is at present priced at 39. At these prices and the small yields provided by the dividend of $1.50 paid by Motorola and the

$1.00 paid by RCA last year, the yields are too low to classify them as investments.

The recent moves by the Federal Reserve authorities in Washington of increasing margin requirements to 60 per cent and the Treasury in issuing a 3 per cent, 40-year Government bond, indicate the concern being felt in Washington over the amount of credit being drawn into the stock market and residential construction.

While these two moves are only minor, they provide a dual warning that Washington will not let the stock market run away and will take much sterner measures if required. Combined with other factors, they present the real possibility that the bull market will be forced to a halt. And as markets never remain static for long, the possibilities of a good-sized reversal must be guarded against.

With the present outlook warranting a cautious approach to stock purchases, it would appear best to defer purchasing the common stock of either company until a better price-yield ratio is established.

Lake Nordic

I BOUGHT *Lake Nordic Uranium Mines Limited at* $1.35 *after chasing it from* 98 *cents. What are the prospects of this company? According to one of the financial papers, they mention that Lake Nordic may come out with some outstanding news this year.—A. C., Ottawa.*

Lake Nordic holds a property that adjoins the northern boundary of Algom in the Blind River uranium belt.

Drilling has been underway on the property for some time and the results reported so far indicate that the general geology and structural conditions encountered to date have been similar to that encountered on the Algom property. The company is well financed; $865,000 has been placed in the treasury as a result of the underwriting, and the engineering and management of the company is under the direction of Technical Mine Consultants, which operates many of the major companies in the Blind River area.

As the stock is not listed, no estimate can be made of possible market action, but in view of the extensive developments taking place in this area, it appears to have speculative merit and be well worth holding at the present time.

Pembina Pipe

WOULD YOU *consider Pembina Pipeline 4¾ per cent First Mortgage Bonds suitable for inclusion in a modest investment account?—M. A., Montreal.*

The Pembina Pipeline extends about 72 miles from the Pembina field to the connections in Edmonton with the main oil trunk lines to Sarnia and Vancouver. The initial capacity is rated at 115,000 barrels per day and this will be increased to 150,-

50 Years of

Financing in Canada

To mark our 50th Anniversary we have recorded, in this month's issue of our Review and Securities List, a brief history of the founders of our company and also have contrasted investment activities in Canada in 1905 with those of today. In the early years of the century, capital for Canadian government and corporate purposes came mainly from Great Britain. Canadians now do most of their own financing and even invest in other countries.

There are detailed in the Securities List a broad selection of attractive investment suggestions including government, municipal and corporation bonds as well as shares. A copy will be gladly forwarded upon request.

"February Review and Securities List"

Wood, Gundy & Company

Limited

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Saint John Quebec London, Ont. Hamilton Ottawa
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary Victoria
London, Eng. Chicago New York

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THE

ROYAL TRUST

COMPANY

OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

000 after the construction of a booster station.

The Pembina field has been conservatively estimated to hold 400 million barrels of oil on the information at present available to engineers. The limits of this field are far from being defined and exploration work this year by the companies developing the field may effect substantial changes in the preliminary estimates. On what is known now, an average production rate of 50,000 barrels per day can be maintained until 1977.

With this outlook this pipeline seems an assured commercial proposition. Certainly, the bidding for the common stock, which is now quoted at 14¼ - ¾ appears to be a good indication of its prospects.

These First Mortgage Bonds are considered to be a solid investment and the 5 per cent preferred shares are of equal interest.

Standard Paving

I HOLD 100 *shares of Standard Paving at an average price of* $22.00. *What is the outlook for this company and is there a good chance of the price climbing above* $30.00?—*J. C. M., Hamilton, Ont.*

The question uppermost in the minds of investors in Standard Paving is what effect the recent government investigation will have upon future earnings. With this company enjoying a prominent position as a leader in the road building industry, it seems unlikely that it will be barred completely as a contractor in any future highway construction. However, the political factors involved and the odium attendant upon the conviction of the company for defrauding the government will likely prevent it from securing contracts in the immediate future.

Much will depend upon the government's revising its method of handling these contracts. The present system, with its built-in apparatus for dispensing patronage, has been largely responsible for the irregularities that are prevalent throughout the whole industry.

With the investigation bringing road building to a virtual standstill, some reduction in earnings can be expected. This should not be unduly severe, as paving and construction, although providing 46 per cent of the sales dollar last year, accounted for only 18 per cent of the net earnings. An increasingly larger share of the earnings is being provided by the supply division, which furnishes concrete sewer pipe and light-weight aggregates. Another profitable subsidiary manufactures pre-fabricated steel buildings.

Since the war years the financial position of the company has shown a steady improvement. Equity per share has increased from $5.46 to $14.00. Working capital has almost doubled and net profit, at $977,000, is the highest in the company's history, according to the last annual report.

Firms well established in the industry can look forward to a high volume of business. Last year, outlays by the Federal Government for highway construction and maintenance exceeded $400 million. With the pressing need for more adequate highways, similar expenditures can be expected for some time to come. Presumably, the Government would increase this amount in the event of a business recession as a pump-priming measure.

On the market, the stock has enjoyed an almost steady rise with few interruptions from .35 in 1941 to its present high of $29.00. The market, after ignoring the adverse publicity so far, appears to be ready for an extension of the advance that has carried it 20 points since September, 1953.

With the market at its present altitude, the possibility of a severe general reaction must be guarded against. Any adverse action by the Federal Reserve Authorities in Washington could precipitate an extensive decline in the industrial markets. An event, such as a further increase in margin requirements, would warrant the immediate taking of your profit. In the meantime, a protective stop loss should be maintained a point or so below the highs reached on this move, which has a present objective of 34.

In Brief

I HOLD *shares in Transvaal Explorations. Is this company active and does it have any holdings?—H. C. H., Vancouver.*

Company has varied interests in two gas fields in BC; otherwise inactive.

ARE SHARES *of Consolidated Astoria Mines worth holding? — P. H. W., Edmonton.*

No.

CAN YOU *give me any information about Lake Surprise Mines?—W. A. E., Toronto.*

Its assets were sold to Mineral Exploration Corporation on a one-for-ten basis.

ARE SHARES *of Hedley Consolidated worth anything today?—N. H., Vancouver.*

Not a penny.

THE SEVENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1954
OF
The British Mortgage and Trust Corporation of Ontario
HEAD OFFICE—STRATFORD
BALANCE SHEET—DECEMBER 31st, 1954

ASSETS

CAPITAL ACCOUNT		
Office premises	$ 44,204.59	
Mortgages; principal	1,566,168.20	
Government bonds; principal	435,899.38	
Canadian municipal bonds; principal	24,461.80	
Stocks	223,425.00	
Cash on hand and in bank	129,910.37	
TOTAL CAPITAL ASSETS		$ 2,424,069.34
GUARANTEED TRUST ACCOUNT		
Mortgages and agreements for sale; principal	$14,298,716.27	
Government of Canada bonds; principal	2,468,109.34	
Provincial government bonds; principal	369,350.98	
Canadian municipal bonds; principal	21,185.62	
Cash on hand and in bank	149,928.11	
TOTAL GUARANTEED TRUST ASSETS		$17,307,290.32
ESTATES DEPARTMENT		
Estates, Trusts and Agency Funds		$ 1,038,810.62
		$20,770,170.28

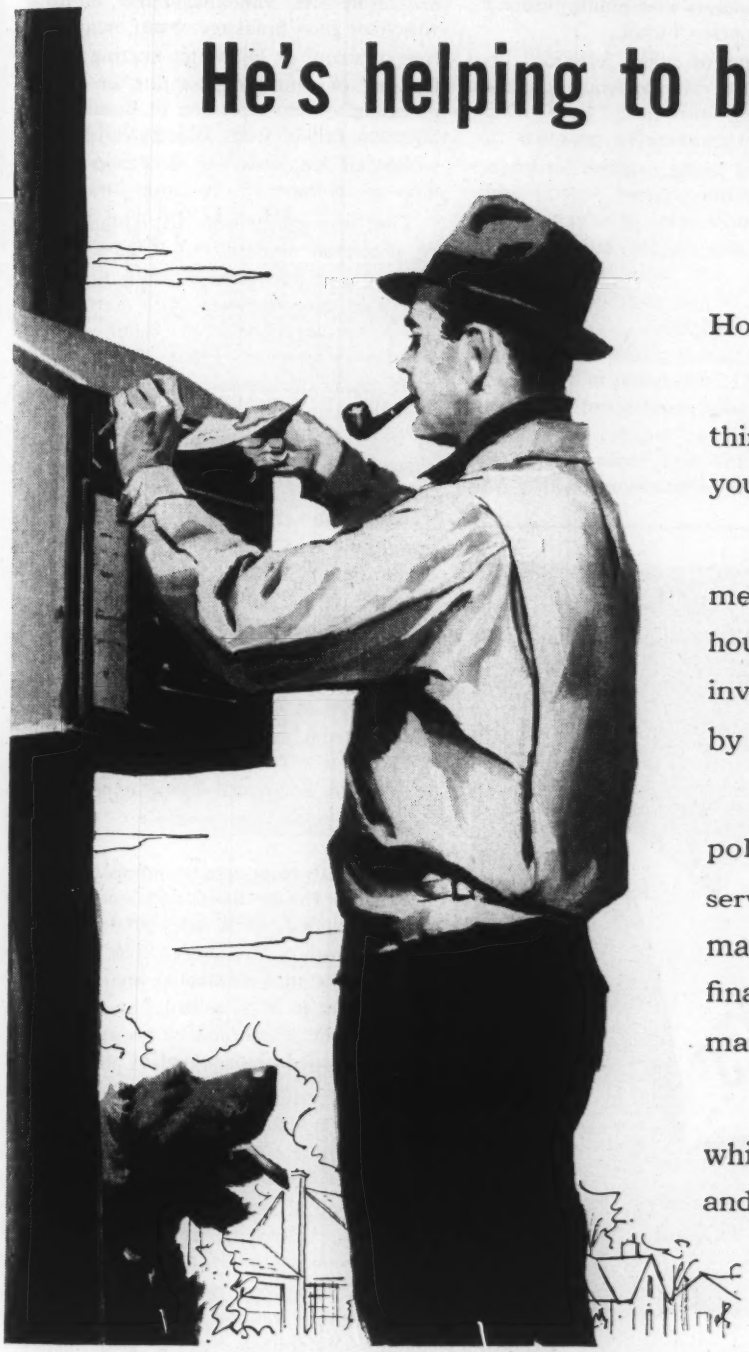
NOTE: Bonds and stocks are shown at book value which, in the aggregate, is less than market value.

LIABILITIES

CAPITAL ACCOUNT		
Capital stock fully paid up	$ 1,000,000.00	
General Reserve Fund	1,200,000.00	
Profit and Loss credit balance	104,254.82	
Estimated balance of income tax payable	58,632.04	
Dividends payable January 3rd, 1955	60,000.00	
All other liabilities	1,182.48	
TOTAL CAPITAL LIABILITIES		$ 2,424,069.34
GUARANTEED TRUST ACCOUNT		
Guaranteed Investment Receipts		
Principal $10,010,712.37		
Interest due and accrued 99,186.74		
	$10,109,899.11	
Trust deposits; principal and interest	$ 7,197,391.21	
TOTAL GUARANTEED TRUST LIABILITIES		$17,307,290.32
ESTATES DEPARTMENT		
Estates, Trusts and Agency Funds		$ 1,038,810.62
		$20,770,170.28

L. M. JOHNSON, President
Vice-President and Managing Director W. H. GREGORY

He's helping to build homes by the thousand!



How can posting a letter help build homes?

This trick is not as difficult as you may think. In fact, you have probably done it yourself.

Actually, this man is simply mailing a payment on his life insurance policy. And the houses he's helping to build are the result of investments made for him out of that money by his life insurance company.

In the same way, every life insurance policyholder renders many *other* valuable services to his fellow-citizens. For investments may also be made for him in ways that help finance new roads, schools, waterworks and many other important developments.

So, if you own life insurance, remember — while you're building security for your family and yourself, you're also helping to make Canada a better land to live in!

P.S. from your life insurance man

"Invested life insurance dollars earn interest that makes it possible for you and your family to enjoy the benefits of life insurance at such *low cost*. If you have any questions about how to make life insurance fit your own special needs, give me a call. I'll be glad to help you!"

THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

Comprising more than 50 Canadian, British and United States Companies

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Insurance

Package Policies

By William Sclater

AS A STRIKING EXAMPLE of a new and modern development in Fire and Casualty insurance is the provision of a simplified policy for individual home owners which combines certain basic insurance coverages needed for the protection of a house and its contents as well as the owner's personal property and public responsibilities as a property owner.

This new type of policy provides fire, lightning and the supplemental contract coverages; theft insurance, both inside and outside; comprehensive personal liability; additional living expense insurance; insurance protection against several additional named perils some of which are not generally available under separate policies. The house and other pertinent private structures on the grounds are all included in the protection.

Here are the actual insurance coverages included on a $15,000 home in an Ontario city: fire; lightning; windstorm; explosion; impact by aircraft or vehicle; smoke damage; hail; riot and civil commotion. Written as additional endorsements with a $25 deductible are vandalism and malicious mischief; glass breakage; water escape; rupture of steam or hot water heating system; freezing of plumbing, heating or air-conditioning system; freezing of domestic appliances; fall of trees; objects falling from weight of ice, snow or sleet and causing damage; collapse of building; landslide.

That is a pretty wide list of hazards to be protected against, but it goes further. Normally a homeowner or a homeowner's wife who damages their garage with their own car is excluded from coverage. In this homeowner's policy, impact by vehicle coverage specifically includes any vehicle owned or operated by the Assured or any tenant of the described premises. There is a $25 deductible which applies here.

With the coverage on the dwelling amounting to $15,000 there would, on the usual apportionment of insurance, be an amount of $1,500 to cover outbuildings; $6,000 for household goods on the premises; $1,000 for household goods off the premises and, in the event the homeowner was forced to vacate the premises because of loss from any of the insured hazards, an amount of $3,000 would be available to pay for additional living expense such as hotel room or apartment or house rental.

The theft insurance is complete coverage, both inside theft and outside theft being included, as is attempted theft, larceny, burglary, robbery. The Insured's property is also protected by the insurance while it is in a bank or trust company, public warehouse or occupied dwelling not owned or occupied by the Insured.

THE OTHER basic coverage included in the policy is the Comprehensive Personal Liability Insurance. This is for $10,000 in overall amount, covering bodily injury and property damage. The importance of this coverage is the recognition of every homeowner's responsibility and liability to the public on his property, whether a neighbor's children or a fruit peddler. Home accidents outnumber all others and it is comforting to have a protection like this. A special feature of this particular combination policy is that the Homeowner is permitted to spend up to $500 as medical expenses for anyone injured on his property whether he is liable or not.

It is not possible to divide up the premium so that portions of it can be allotted to any of the particular coverages combined here. The cost of $15,000 insurance on a home in any Ontario city with all these other coverages included in addition to the fire coverage would be $117 for three-year coverage, or about $48 per annum. This is a package policy and there is no doubt but that it would probably cost at least $150 to buy all these individual coverages piecemeal, even if they could be bought that way.

. . . and the emergency services of the fire, automobile and casualty insurance business go into action within minutes.

In the past insurance companies have helped speed recovery of many disaster-stricken communities by making on-the-spot settlement of thousands of claims within a matter of hours.

In Canada, the insurance business and its thousands of adjusters and agents stand ready to lend their aid whenever disaster strikes.

ALL CANADA INSURANCE FEDERATION

ALL CANADA INSURANCE FEDERATION

on behalf of more than 200 competing companies writing Fire, Automobile and Casualty Insurance.

women

Dodge

MRS. A. DUFF WADDELL, *President of the Junior League of Halifax: a graduate of the University of Manitoba, she joined the Winnipeg League in 1947, moved to Toronto and then to Halifax in 1952. Her husband, and her children, Duff Jr. (12) and Jane (9) are fond of swimming and fishing. She enjoys reading, the theatre and dabbling in water-colors.*

Skipsey

MRS. JOHN M. LECKY, *President of the Junior League of Vancouver: Vancouver-born and educated, she joined the League in 1948. She is also a member-at-large on the executive of the Vancouver Branch of the United Nations, and is on the board of the Community Arts Council. Mrs. Lecky has five children. For further presidents of the Junior Leagues of Canada,* *see the following page.*

Conversation Pieces:

WE RECENTLY READ a reproving editorial pointing out that Canadians are a deplorably extravagant people. We smoke too many cigarettes, own too many electric refrigerators, operate too many television sets, and drive too many cars (one to every six Canadians), with too many accessories. Our living standards are lamentably high, our bank accounts recklessly low.

One of the troubles seems to be that bankers have never learned to compete in the field of promotion. They content themselves with bald announcements in sober lettering, or with annual statements in small type and unexciting prose of no conceivable interest to anyone except bankers. Saving is never presented as an alluring, imaginative, or even particularly urgent enterprise.

We suggest that the Canadian Bankers' Association buy up a weekly spot on television and feature the adventures of a typical Canadian family engaged in the exciting business of building up a bank account. They might even run a competition. Grand prize for the best essay on family saving: a super-compression family convertible, with a jet get-away, a transparent Sun Valley top, and mink seat covers.

While we are on the subject of motor cars, there is the new Messerschmitt recently introduced to New York by Singer Juliana Larson. The Messerschmitt is about the size of a kiddie car, hardly large enough to be an inconvenience to customers if its owner should decide to whisk about in it among the shelves of a supermarket. Since it goes sixty miles on a gallon of gasoline, its driver could hardly be accused of extravagance, even by a bankers' association.

WE HAVE STILL TO MEET an employer who doesn't complain about the quality of spelling turned out by the graduates of our schools and business colleges. To old-fashioned types the explanation of the nation's bad spelling is simple enough. They don't have spelling matches any more. Spelling matches were fun. They managed to turn one of education's drearier exercises into a lively game, or, in the progressive idiom, a project. Thus they helped to make education enjoyable, which is the goal of every modern educator. They also involved competition, an element that every modern educator deplores. So the educators high-mindedly threw out the baby with the bath. The spelling match went, and the spelling went right along with it.

A LAWYER ACQUAINTANCE with a long established practice has a tactful way of reminding his clients that time, after all, brings its compensations. He sends out a form letter reminding his clientele of the tax exemptions allowed for people of sixty-five and over.

Male clients, he finds, rarely need the reminder. The feminine clientele turns up promptly on receipt of the form letter, looking expectant and reluctant. "You wouldn't think I was sixty-five, would you?" they sometimes say, and their lawyer has a form answer for that one too. "Never dream it," he says, "if I hadn't gone to school with you."

Junior Leagues of Canada

THERE ARE 183 Junior Leagues: 175 in the U.S., six in Canada, and one each in Honolulu and Mexico. In 1901 in New York City a group of young girls started the first Junior League as a volunteer organization to aid social agencies. The first Canadian Junior League was formed in Montreal, about 1912.

Canada now has six Junior Leagues, with a total membership of 2,062. These include: Toronto (538), Montreal (511), Vancouver (384), Winnipeg (307), Hamilton, Ont. (173), and Halifax (149).

The purpose of a Junior League is "To foster interest among its members in the social, economic, educational, cultural and civic conditions of the community, and to make efficient their volunteer service".

Two Leagues support children's theatre. Halifax produces the only live theatre for children in the Maritimes, and Winnipeg finances a program sponsored by the Children's Theatre of Winnipeg. Toronto sponsors six children's musical concerts a year, and a group has written and acted for the past nine years in "Sounds Fun" a radio program for children, now coast-to-coast.

Vancouver, Winnipeg and Hamilton Leagues have puppet groups, who entertain in schools and hospitals. Vancouver and Hamilton help with children's conducted tours of the local Art Gallery. The Montreal League is just finishing, in conjunction with two other groups, a factual survey of the arts in Montreal. The Vancouver group is interested in therapeutic work for children.

These are just a few of the projects undertaken by the six Junior Leagues.

Beckett

MRS. HOWARD J. LANG, *President of the Junior League of Hamilton: with her husband, two teen age sons and two daughters (7 and 4), she lives in Port Nelson, just outside Hamilton. She likes to read, cook and travel.*

Ashley & Crippen

MRS. PAUL PHELAN, *President of the Junior League of Toronto: a graduate in Honor Psychology from the University of Toronto, she acted in summer stock (as Helen Gardiner) for some years. She is "permanent crew" for her husband on their Dragon class yacht. The Phelans have three children.*

Salmon

MRS. F. W. COWIE, *President, Montreal: she joined the League in Toronto but returned to her home - town, Montreal, five years ago. Mrs. Cowie, her husband, Frederick Jr., (14) and Joan (10) enjoy skiing and their fishing camp.*

MRS. R. D. GUY JR., *President of the Junior League of Winnipeg, with her sons Jonathan (1) and Patrick: her hobbies are reading, fishing and bird-watching, which are "the most sedentary occupations I could find that were not just loafing".*

Winnipeg Free Press

Alex Gray

THE FORMAL DINNER TABLE SETTING *planned by Mrs. Arnold Matthews, for Toronto Simpson's Homemakers' Show, used an oblong table covered with damask to the floor. The table is set with an Old Pratt dinner service, with Savoy crystal finger bowls. The champagne and burgundy glasses are Warfield. The candelabra are bronze and gold and the centrepiece is a marble obelisk.*

Food

PLACE SETTINGS and menus at the recent Toronto Simpson's Homemakers' Show were in key with coming activities. Mrs. Arnold Matthews, a frequent visitor to Holland, arranged a Dutch table which fitted in with the theme, "Gourmet Tips by Travellers", and mirrored the interest in the exhibition of Dutch Masters. Photographed at the top of the page is the place setting she suggested on behalf of the Toronto Art Gallery, where the exhibit of some 100 Dutch paintings will be on display from Feb. 19 to March 25. Her favorite Dutch menu follows.

DUTCH DINNER

DUTCH OYSTERS
ASPARAGUS WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE
FILET MIGNON WITH FRENCH PEAS AND
ROASTED POTATO BALLS
CHESTNUTS MONTBLANC
CHEESE AND FRUIT

To make the dessert, Mrs. Matthews gives this recipe: mark the flat side of the chestnuts (1½ lb.) with a cross for easy peeling later, immerse in boiling water and cook for 15 minutes. Peel and cover with 3 cups of scalded milk, add 3 tbsp. sugar and vanilla. Cook very slowly for 20 minutes until completely soft. Put through coarse sieve and place around edge of a platter. Fill centre with whipped cream (1½ cups). Serves 12 persons.

Another table was set by Dr. Heinz Unger and his wife. Dr. Unger recently completed a concert tour of Argentina and will conduct, for the third season, The York Concert Society, Toronto, in four concerts later in the Spring. Naturally, Simpson's asked the Ungers to set a typically Argentinian table.

ARGENTINA DINNER

AVOCADO PEAR, LANGOSTINOS AND MAYONNAISE
HOT CONSOMME WITH DASH OF SHERRY
EGGS A LA MALAGA
ASPARAGUS IN VINEGAR
LAMB
LETTUCE AND TOMATO SALAD
CARAMEL CUSTARD, WHIPPED CREAM
COFFEE TEA
COGNAC AVIS
HARD ROLLS

To make the "Eggs à la Malaga", Mrs. Heinz Unger gives this recipe: Use individual fireproof dishes for each person. In each dish fry one or two eggs (sunny side up) in a little bacon and with tiny pieces of a hard sausage, instead of butter, over a low heat so that the egg white sets evenly. When cooked, garnish with some shrimps and asparagus tips and a red ribbon of "Spanish Sauce", the recipe of which follows.

For the sauce: chop an onion, a carrot and some mushrooms very fine and fry them in 1 oz. butter or olive oil until they are beginning to brown. Stir in 1 oz. of flour and cook slowly until smooth and well browned. Add ½ pint of stock and simmer for half an hour. Add 2 peeled tomatoes and 2 tbsp. sherry and cook 10 minutes more. Add salt and pepper. Serve the sauce hot over the eggs.

Tweed . . . the one fragrance above all others . . . to wear anytime, anywhere.

Tweed Perfume from 2.25 to 74.50
Tweed Cream Sachet Perfume 2.00
3 oz. Bouquet Tweed 1.50

Lentheric

PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK

Letters

Farm Prices

. . . DURING the war, 1939-1945, the wheat farmers of Canada accepted a price for their product far below the world price of wheat, involving a loss of hundreds of millions of dollars, and the government set a price on flour not to exceed $2.80 per sack. The farmers did not complain except to say that since the question was of national import, the burden should have been distributed.

This complaint was not against the principle of providing cheap bread at such a time, but rather against the manner in which it was done, but it is not on record that you raised any violent protest in favor of the farmers.

Again, the question of government support of prices is not such a one-sided matter as you state. Violent price fluctuation is the curse of business. To protect themselves, dealers must have a much wider margin of profit, and in this, producers and consumers suffer alike. A reasonable set price would bring stability, while unsalable surpluses might be avoided by a system of quotas in buying from farmers. . .

Red Deer, Alta. A. R. MCFADDEN

Biblical Wives

THE "Chat About Some Plays" in your issue of January 22 made me wonder if Mr. Davies is very well acquainted with his Old Testament. Perhaps he is, but was prepared to sacrifice accuracy for the sake of an epigram. ". . . the great patriarchs cannot be made to play second psaltery to their wives" forsooth! It would be interesting to hear when they did anything else. Sara was able to make Abraham's life so miserable that he was constrained much against his will to banish Hagar and her child to the wilderness. Rebekah surely did not confine herself to one complaint that "her life was weary" because of her detested daughters-in-law. She practised an elaborate deception on her husband on behalf of her favorite son, apparently without any fear as to the results to herself, even in those rough-and-ready times. Genesis 31 tells of another elaborate deception practised by Rachel on her husband and father. We are told how she and Leah, her co-wife, planned their husband's life apparently without troubling to consult him. Certainly there is material for great drama in the Old Testament, as your critic remarks, but if the dramas are about the early patriarchs, then the chief characters are women, or the source is forsaken.

Princeton, NJ. MRS. F. H. NICOLL

Indonesian Views

IN YOUR edition of January 15, we read an article which says that Premier Sastroamidjojo's Government is maintained in office by Communist support.

It is true that at present the Communist party supports the Government of Indonesia. However, it is incorrect to assert that the Government is maintained by virtue of the Communist vote only. Even without their votes the Government had a majority of four during last month's non-confidence vote. The majority would have been seven out of 223 members if three MPs of the Nationalist Party, of which the Premier is a member, had not been in the U.S.A., attending the World Moral Rearmament Meeting . . .

It is incorrect to state that "President Sukarno had been cultivating the Communists". The fact is that ever since the President ordered the Army to suppress the Communist revolt in Central Java in the summer of 1948 he has been branded and called all names, such as "tool and accomplice of American capitalists". The revolt, by the way, was successfully quelled while Indonesia simultaneously was defending her territory against Dutch aggression.

Ottawa. JOHN SENDUK
Press Attaché
Embassy of Indonesia

Of Many Things

COMMENT on the Baltimore sterilization case leaves me baffled rather than appalled. Two correspondents (SN Jan. 15 and Jan. 22) seem to assume happily that an operation prescribed on eugenic grounds will produce a therapeutic effect — in other words, that the sterilization which the court is permitting for the good of the race is going to restore this woman to sanity. Does this follow? Will she not still have to be kept under restraint? Is sterilization medically recognized as a cure for mental disabilities? If so what a simple way of emptying our mental hospitals and freeing the patients from restraint.

Toronto. M. J. PHELAN

MISS SPURWAY claims in her letter that no one reads poetry, and cites as proof of this that no one remembers any lines of Canadian poetry. I would hazard a guess that the poetry people remember best is the poetry they learned as a child. It sang itself into the memory then and the years interpreted it. The most casual glance at the texts our children use in the years when they memorize most easily shows that there is nothing that could be called poetry. A few verses—yes, but all carefully keyed to the reading readiness of the child, nothing because of the glorious pattern of its sound or imagery.

London, Ont. (MRS.) ELSIE CARPENTER

. . . I would like to point out that the National Ballet of Canada is *not* "the only company on the North and South American continents presenting the complete ballet" (Swan Lake). Ballet Alicia Alonso, the Cuban company, of which my brother Royes Fernandez is premier danseur, presented the complete ballet "Swan Lake" in the four acts, in Havana in early January, 1954—Alicia Alonso and Mr. Fernandez assuming the leading roles. The production was under the personal supervision of the great British choreographer Mary Skeaping . . .

New Orleans, La. JEANNE FERNANDEZ

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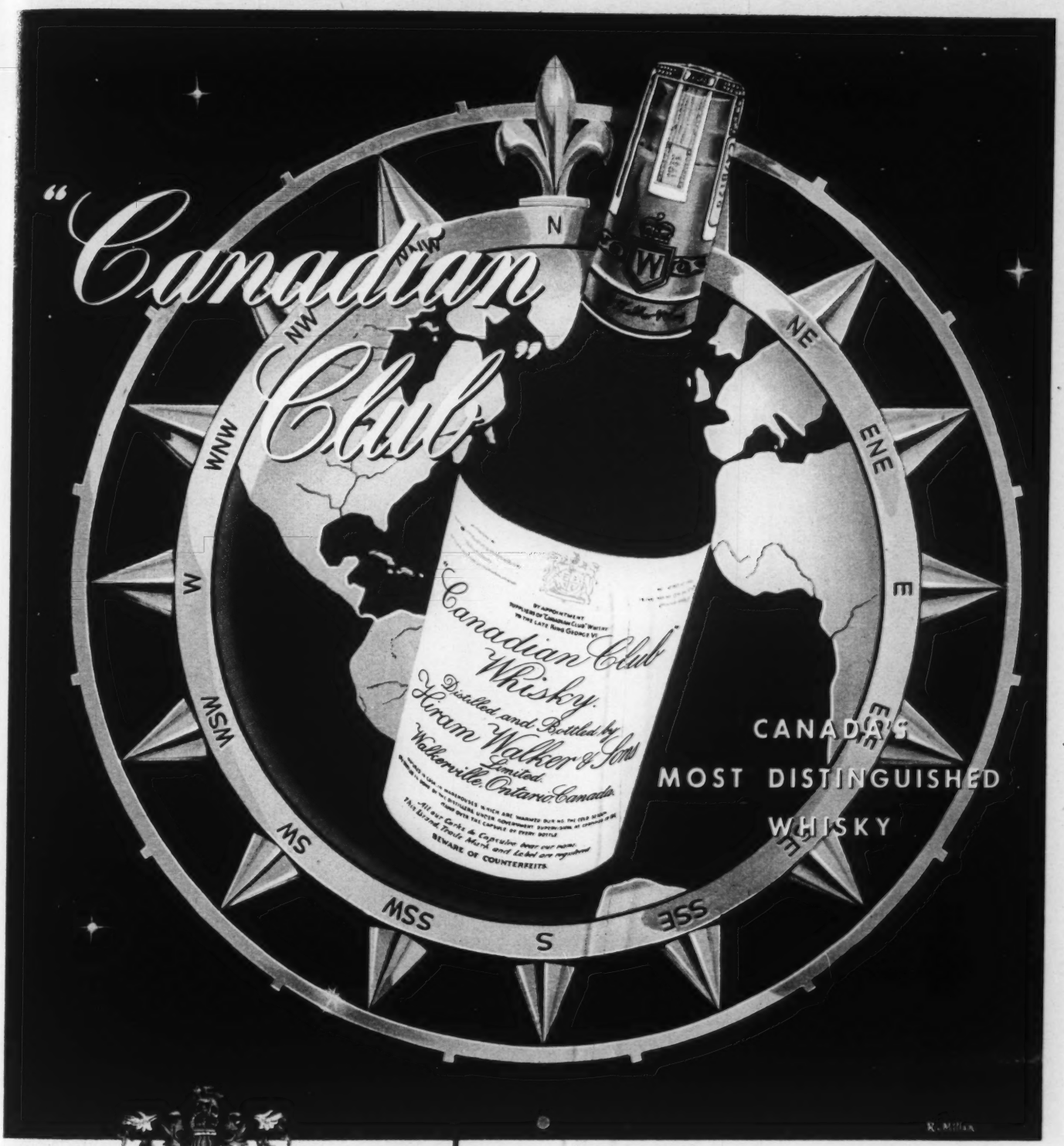

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